

HIT PARADER

35¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AUGUST 1969

ARE YOU READY FOR
CLAPTON, WINWOOD
& BAKER

THE OLD ANIMALS

JOHNNY WINTER'S
TEXAS BLUES



CHAMBERS BROS.

AMBOY DUKES

LEFT BANKE

EXCLUSIVE
**ALL THE
WORDS**
TO
HIT SONGS

STAND

RIVER'S INVITATION

FIRST OF MAY

TIME WAS • BADGE

IT'S YOUR THING

PINBALL WIZARD

DON'T GIVE IN TO HIM

TWENTY-FIVE MILES

IT'S ONLY LOVE

MEMORIES

IS IT SOMETHING
YOU'VE GOT

BORN ON THE BAYOU

GALVESTON

ONLY THE STRONG
SURVIVE

I CAN HEAR MUSIC

MENDOCINO

DON'T TOUCH ME

THE CHOKIN' KIND

IN THE STILL OF THE
NIGHT

MERCY • IDAHO

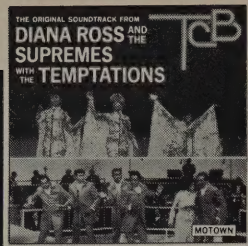
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SIR DOUGLAS
QUINTET

TRAYNOR
AMPLIFIERS



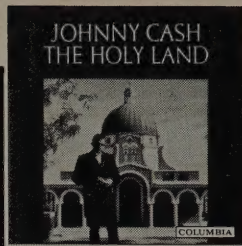
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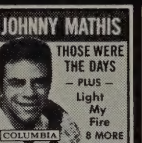
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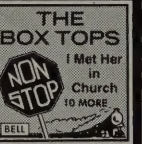
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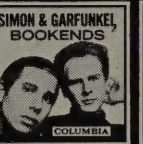
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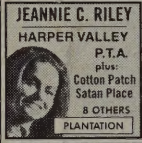
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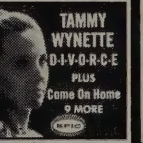
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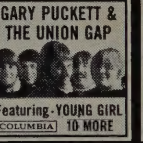
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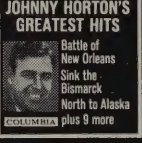
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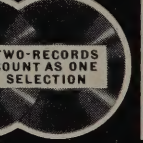
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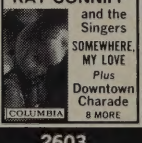
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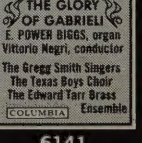
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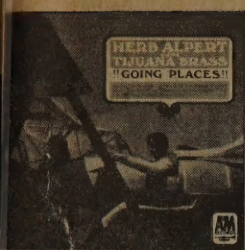
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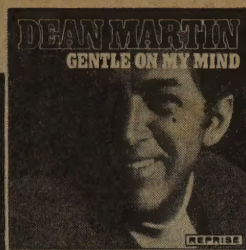
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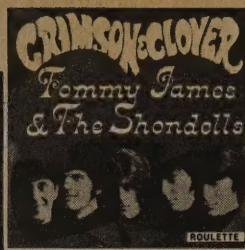
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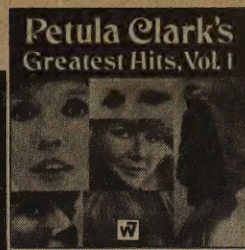
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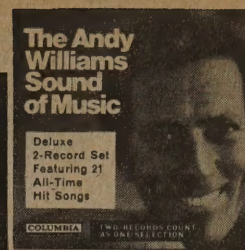
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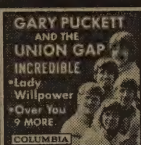
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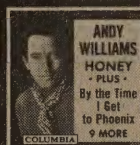
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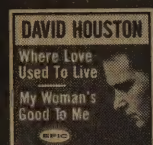
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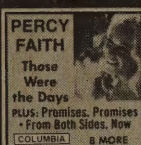
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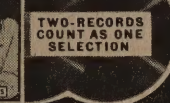
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hit Parader.....

AUG. 1969

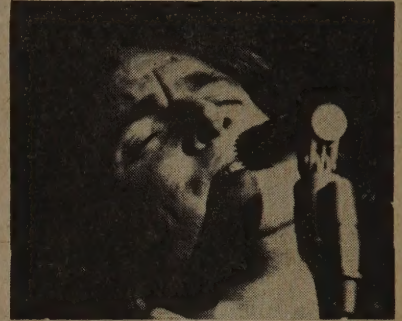
EXECUTIVE EDITOR/Patrick Masulli
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• BADGE



By The Cream

• PINBALL WIZARD



By The Who

• SWEET CHERRY WINE



By Tommy James & Shondells

**OVER 35
TOP TUNES
.....
SONG INDEX
ON PAGE 28**

- 6/THE SCENE *Let's Stop Pop Violence*
- 8/WE READ YOUR MAIL *Letters, Letters And More Letters*
- 9/ARE YOU READY FOR CLAPTON, WINWOOD AND BAKER?
- 14/JOHNNY WINTER *Blues From Texas*
- 16/POP MUSIC BEFORE ROCK AND ROLL
- 20/MET THE AMBOY DUKES
- 22/A BEATLE BOOKSHELF
- 26/CARTOONE A *Warm, New Sound From England*
- 35/PICTURES I HEAR *By Brigitta*
- 36/THE STORY OF THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS
- 39/THE INSECT TRUST *Preserves The Past*
- 42/THE OLD ANIMALS
- 46/THE FIRST EDITION HAS ROOTS
- 48/THE SHOPPING BAG
- 50/THE LEFT BANKE *Is Still With Us*
- 52/COMMUNICATION *By Dom Petro*
- 53/PETER TRAYNOR *Power From Canada*
- 54/THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET PLUS TWO
- 56/NEW STARS ON THE HORIZON *Shadow Mann, The 50 - Foot Hose*
- 58/MY FAVORITE RECORDS *By Barry Melton of Country Joe And The Fish*
- 59/TEMPO *By Guest Columnist Bob Hite of Canned Heat*
- 60/PLATTER CHATTER *New Records By Jim Delehant*

PHOTO CREDITS: Columbia Records, 14. Rockives, 16. MGM, 42.

HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1969 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Annual subscription \$3.50 24 issues \$6.50. Subscription Manager: Anna Mae DeLuca. Vol XXVIII, No. 61, August, 1969. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418 and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope. ADVERTISING OFFICES: NATIONAL SALES MANAGER- Robert M. Petit, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212-TN7-2266); NASHVILLE - Adpro Productions, Inc. 806 16th Ave., South Suite 213, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, (615-244-7340).

Brian Stiddle never played a Sunn amp before

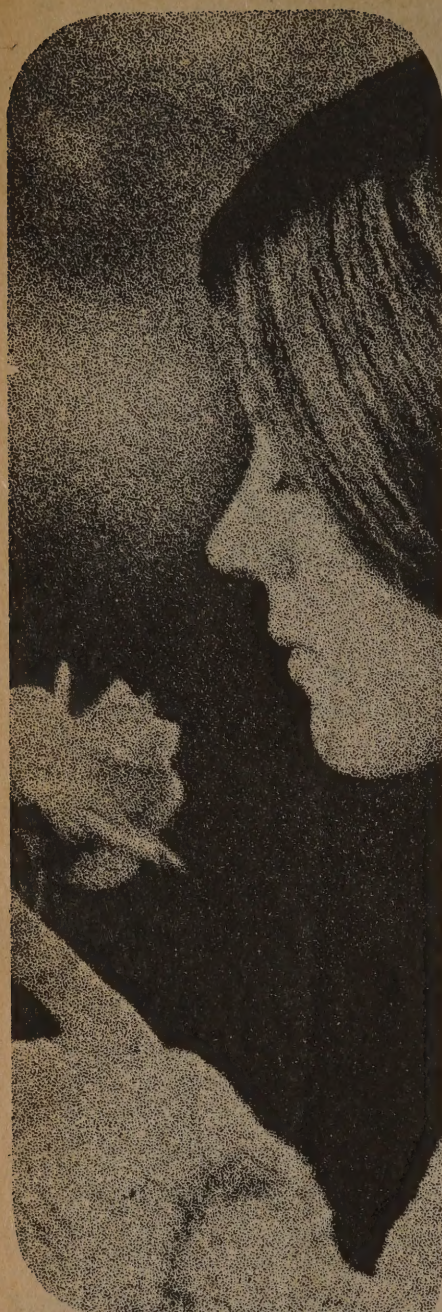
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the scene



THE SCENE/LET'S STOP POP VIOLENCE

The issue still at debating point is violence in pop music which I wrote about in the October '68 issue of HP. My standpoint has not changed. It has merely become a stronger and more radical plea. First of all, I said that many groups were making it on the destructive bit alone. The Who came to Montreal twice last year. The first time they came there was a very big crowd and it was not the fact that they are big musically in Montreal, but rather it was because of a taped conversation with Pete Townshend that was played the entire preceding week, in which he promised to smash something, if not on stage then in his hotel room. And that sold tickets.

Many groups become famous for their destruction act and their musical talent lies virtually ignored. All too often, pop articles stress the bizarre aspects: "Hendrix is the greatest guitar player in the world and he's sexy." "The Who are good and they smash their instruments really well; Arthur Brown is good

and he looks really peachy keen with all that fire around him, we'll print the name of his tailor in the next groovy ish." This is not reporting, this is slavery. These groups are condemned and confined to their bag as a good destructive group by the audience. The audience is just as perverted as the performers.

Here's a quote from a chick who wrote me and has to be an absolute beautiful person; Maggie Coopersmith of Ivoryton, Conn., says, "I feel that we have enough violence in war without our so-called entertainment using it in performances. And yet, maybe these groups are only doing what they know their audiences will enjoy. So who is more warped, the group or the people it plays to? These people are paying to see and hear violence. Don't they have enough free violence in their lives? As I'm writing this, I'm listening to my Ravi Shankar record. The sitar is a beautiful instrument and you won't see Ravi Shankar smashing it to gain applause from an audience. He has too much pride in it and in his music."

Maggie has hit the nail on the head. Maybe the people who play to audiences that demand violence do not have enough pride in their music to play straight and cut the violence irregardless of the audience.

Also, there is the question of the warped audience. Our society is becoming more violent, and letting loose in a pop concert is not the answer. It lies in education away from violence as a medium of relief. As far as I'm concerned the musical atrocities committed by groups should go down as the extra murderous passions in de Sade's "120 Days Of Sodom." Perhaps they really are, sexual perversions. Zappa's article in "Life" magazine on pop said very plainly that pop music, specifically hard-rock, was very sexual.

A few people wrote me and said that I was a reactionary sex-wise. May I remind them that "sexual freedom" is a complete loss of dependency on sex as an outlet, as well as a complete eradication of the classical Freudian slip.

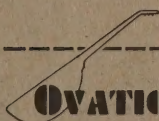
No one can sit there and tell me that getting "sexually aroused" over Jimi Hendrix ripping out his guitar strings, or Reg Presley pointing his finger at you is what you'd call sexual freedom. For those of you who enjoy good music and that means undiluted music (this doesn't mean that Donovan can't read poetry, or that Tuli can't give a monologue, or that C. J. and the Fish can't improvise while showing a movie, or that Arthur Brown can't dramatize his show a bit with his costumes and other actors, or that Zappa can't perform Dead Air) as a peaceful medium of enjoyment, try and stress in whatever way possible your dislike for violence in pop. □ mark hammer

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Dear Editor:

The pseudo-scientific approach to record reviews in contemporary popular music magazines boggles the mind. In R&R the record either has it or it doesn't. Here is an example of my type of prehistoric, primitive record review:

1. Lee Andrews and the Hearts "Maybe You'll Be There" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

2. Lyrical Bailey and the Chanticleers "To Keep Your Love" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

3. Jesse Belvin and Marvin Phillips "Dream Girl" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics.)

4. The Bonneville "Zu Zu" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

5. J.P. "Big Bopper" Richardson "Chantilly Lace" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

6. The Chords "Zippity Zam (I'm In Love)" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

7. The Four Pharoahs "Give Me Your Love" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

8. Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks "Forty Days" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

9. Cecil "Big Jay" McNeely "Deacon's Hop" (It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics).

10. Clarence "Bull Moose" Jackson "I Love You, Yes I Do" (Reject).

These records were selected at random and indicate no preference on my part. By sheer chance 90% of these classics have that "certain something" manifested in the statement: "It's got a good beat and I like the lyrics." Furthermore, these selections.... (See what happens when one becomes pseudo-scientific—one just writes on and on).

Continue to be good, Hit Parader, and don't fall into the review bog.

Edward R. Belding, Director
Drake College of Business
New Brunswick

Dear Editor

HP is probably the best magazine you can lay your hands on in this city. I've seen that you know what you are writing about many times in various articles.

One of the best up and coming groups in the U. S. today is Iron Butterfly. They have really proven themselves with the 17 minute version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida." I've been told that the translation is "In The Garden of Love." It is a great cut, at least. Our underground station (KCJC) plays it constantly. Which leads me to another subject.

I'm very interested in music in general, but, more explicitly, record stations and their sales. In the K.C. area, there are four good stations. One is teenybopper, one pure soul, one half-aboveground AM station, and an underground (or progressive) station of FM. I would appreciate it if people across the entire U. S. and Canada would send me their rock stations, names and music surveys from their towns or cities, and I'll pay for them. If you'll be kind enough to send this information to me, I'll pay for your postage and surveys. I'd like to hear from Chicago (WLS), Hollywood (KHJ), New York (any and all stations), and other towns and cities where you have a rock station. I'm planning on doing a research paper on stations of the U. S. and Canada.

Don't forget to really listen to words on "White Houses" by Eric Burdon and Animals.

Please write, and I'll pay.

Bob Gavin
7913 Pennsylvania
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Editor:

When Perry Rowicki, in your March issue, stated that Mike Bloomfield was the finest guitarist in the world, with the exception of Andres Segovia, I laughed so hard I got a headache. How anyone could make such an insipid remark is beyond me. Maybe ten or fifteen years from now Bloomfield could very well be the best in the world. But until that time comes (if, indeed, it does come), there are still people like Howard Roberts, Joe Pass, Bola Sete, George Benson, Attila Zoller, Julian Bream, Barney Kessel, Larry Coryell, and dozens more who make Bloom-

field sound like a beginner. I suggest to anyone who is too young to have a well rounded knowledge of music and musicians that he or she should wait and explore more widely before they start claiming that a first-rate blues guitarist, no matter how good he is, is better than scores of established jazz greats, some of whom are twice his age and ten times his talent and experience.

Speaking of experience, what's the low-down on the Jimi Hendrix split? Lately it seems as though the bands that are beginning to conquer the music industry are breaking up while the garbage groups go on forever. God save Canned Heat.

And why have you continued to neglect The Grateful Dead? Their debut album was tremendous (receiving a five star revue in Down Beat, the first rock album to achieve such high praise from a jazz mag) and their long overdue follow-up album is rock at its best. Jerry Garcia has more style and original inventiveness than any rock guitarist on the scene today (including Clapton). Check Phil Lesh's bass lines on "Morning Dew" and Ron McKernan's organ throughout. You owe a few pages to them.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Danny Kalb?

One more thing. The Charles Lloyd Quartet is alive and well and incredible. May Hit Parader recognize them in the future. Thank you.

Robert Archer
R.R. 1
Spencer, Indiana

Dear Editor:

After I read the article on how the Cream made "Wheels of Fire", I felt that I had to write. This article was extremely interesting, and Felix Pappalardi is a very good writer (besides being a great producer). With the article I find that I hear things when I listen to the album, that I would not notice. By the way, I think that nobody can really compare Jimi Hendrix with Eric Clapton. Clapton is a wizard on the guitar, and Hendrix just doesn't have that sense of im-

provisation. And as for the Jimi Hendrix Experience being better than Cream, well that's nonsense. In Experience, Noel Redding writes a song every once in a while, and plays a good bass. Mitch Mitchell has a good jazz feeling on the drums. But Jack Bruce writes songs that are usually very good, and Ginger Baker is undoubtedly the best drummer in rock today, besides being an extremely good songwriter.

I like Stephen Hubmer's idea on having Clapton's opinion of Hendrix, and vice-versa, and Bloomfield's opinion of Harrison. Actually, Harrison is pretty much underrated. Granted he isn't up to the standards of Clapton, Hendrix and Bloomfield, but he is one of the few guitarists around who doesn't do the San Francisco thing, or try to imitate Hendrix-Clapton, but then again, do the Beatles, without trying to make a point, do straight imitations of anybody? I bought the new Beatle album, and it is very good. Most of it is really just a gag, but it is still a very good album. Ruben and the Jets make a comeback on this album.

Dear Editor:

The Jefferson Airplane have launched their third album. It is called "Crown of Creation."

I've read some of the reviews on the record until they made me sick. Every review, in my opinion, is quite unfair. They say the album is a jumble of crazy lyrics that mean nothing accompanied with tormentuous stupid sounds.

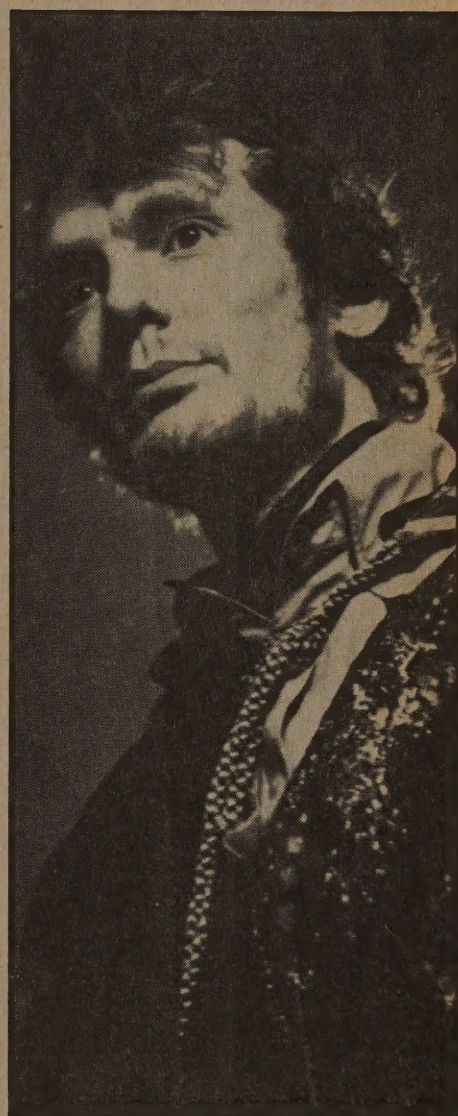
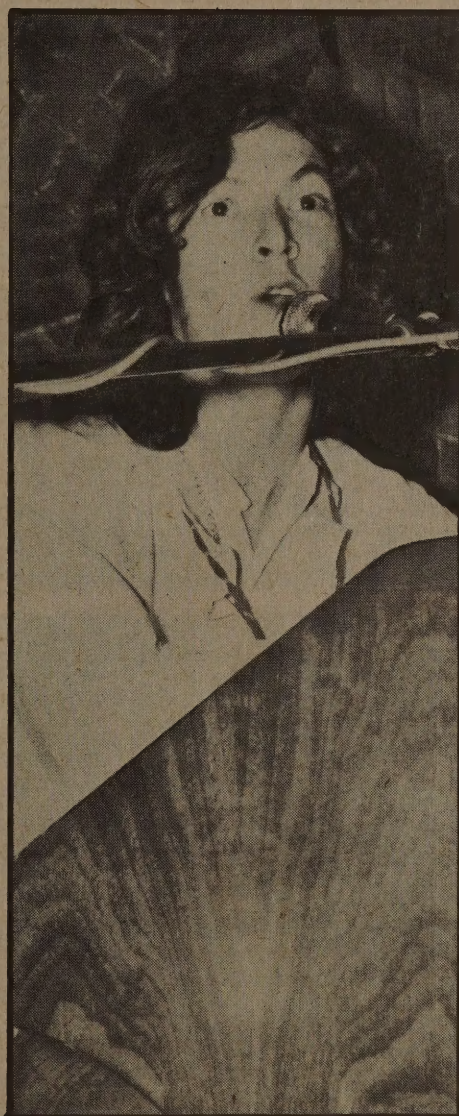
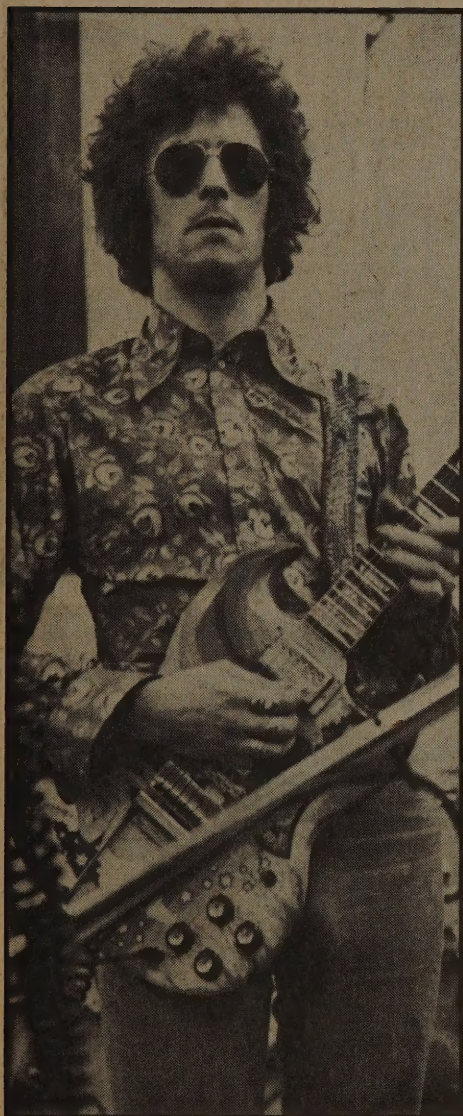
WRONG, WRONG, WRONG.

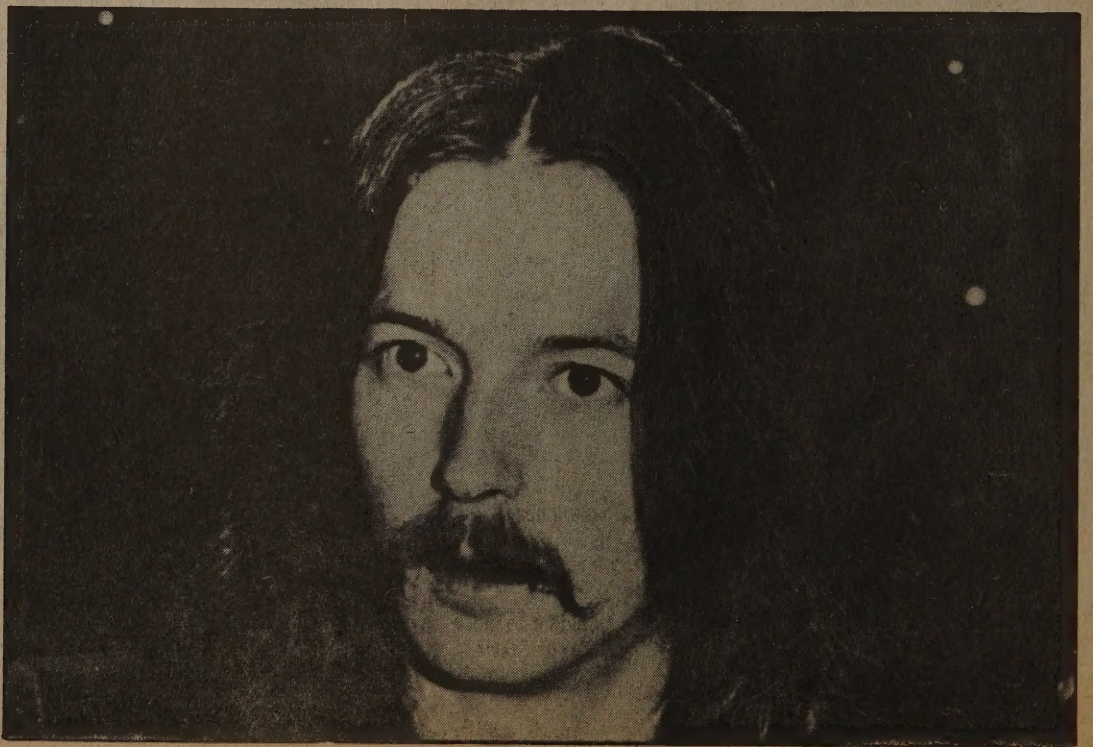
First the lyrics. One critic said that the only songs that had any definite meaning were "Triad" and "Crown of Creation." He must have been out of his tree. "Lather," written by Grace, is not only beautiful but makes a person really think. It's real. Very real. Not crazy.

And if people don't see anything in Paul Kantner's "In Time," they must be half out of it.

Debra Parkins
P.O. Box 734
Winton, Calif.

Are You Ready For
**CLAPTON,
WINWOOD
& BAKER**







Eric Clapton has emerged from self-imposed exile and is attempting to book studio time for himself and Stevie Winwood. The former Cream guitarist and the ex-Traffic star, who have long been admirers of each other's work, decided over a year ago that they would record together at the earliest opportunity.

Since the Cream came to an end, Eric has been hiding at his new country house near Guildford, avoiding people and publicity and pondering his future.

"I tend to regard the whole business of coming up to town as a nightmare," said Eric when he made one of his rare excursions into the big city to talk about his future with Stevie, his friendship with George Harrison and why he thinks even his most faithful fans will give up following him sooner or later.

I waited for him at manager Robert Stigwood's Mayfair office. Eric was late. "He's just arrived and finding his way up through the offices," said publicist Robin Turner.

A quarter of an hour or more passed. "He must have gotten lost between here and the front door," Robin apologized.

Eventually Mr. Clapton arrived, with a grin

on his face and looking healthy and happy and resplendent in a black velvet jacket and pink velvet trousers with turn-ups.

"You're looking well," he said, sitting himself down and asking if a bacon sandwich could be found while he proceeded to tell me what he had been doing in his Surrey hideout since the Cream split.

"I am a professional listener," he confessed.

"I like listening to records as much as playing. That is probably what my problem is. Once again I have got to listening to blues and old rock and roll records, including a Buddy Holly 'Greatest Hits' LP I have just bought.

"But I think it is now time I did something. I'm trying to book recording sessions so I'll have a deadline then and I'll have to do something.

"Anyone who wants to turn up," was Eric's reply when I asked who he'd be working with. Could he be more specific?

"Well, Stevie obviously. But I don't know whether I'll be doing an album of mine, or an album of mine and Stevie's, or just Stevie's album. It will just have to sort itself out be-

cause I can't be bothered making those kind of decisions beforehand.

"Stevie came down and stayed at the house for four days just after Christmas. We didn't talk much but we played a lot and that I suppose was our version of talking.

"But it's very hopeful, very exciting. He's frighteningly good.

"In fact the only thing that holds me back is that he is so dynamic that you could probably end up just accompanying him.

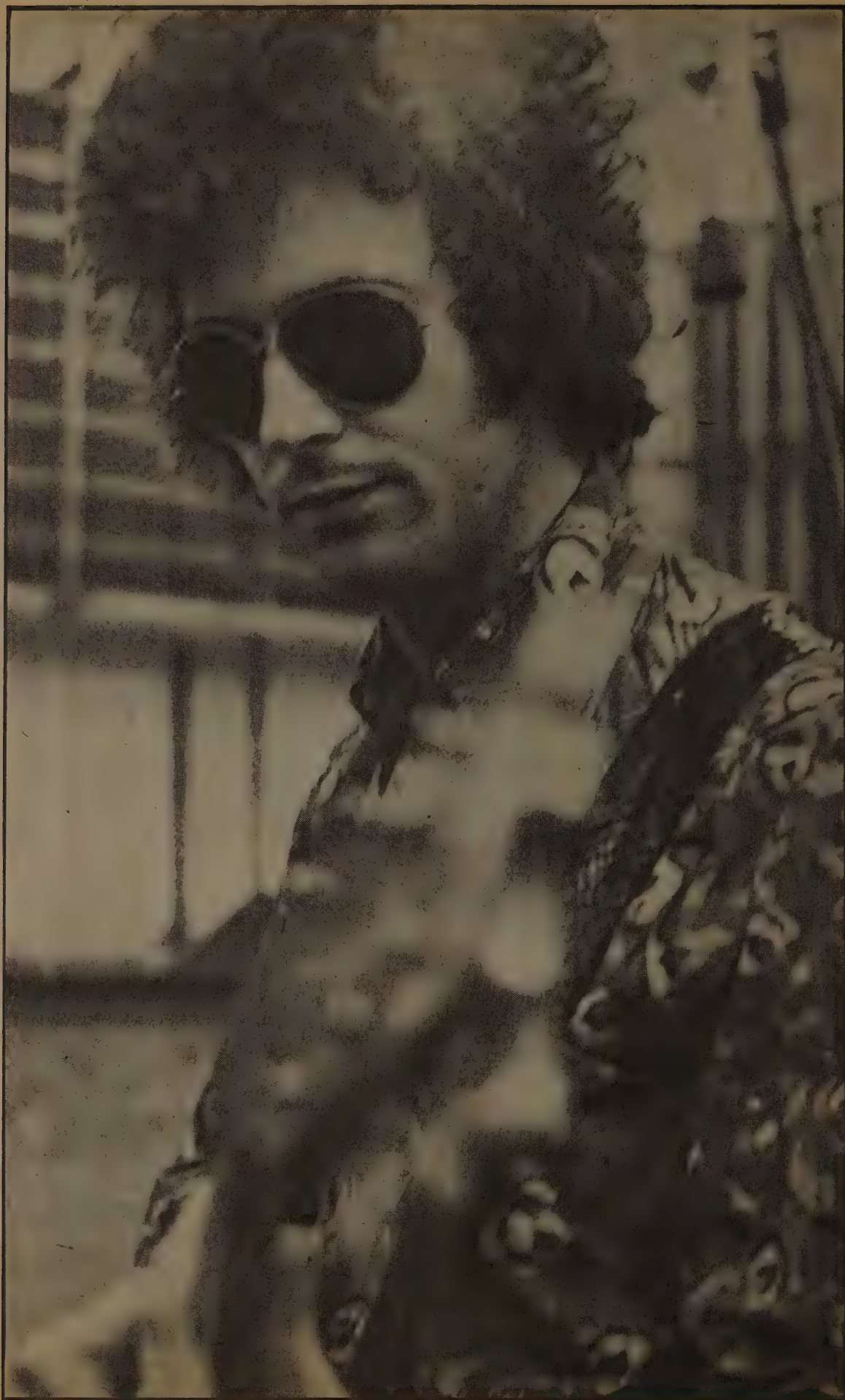
"I've got to work out in my mind whether I want to do that or to express something on my own."

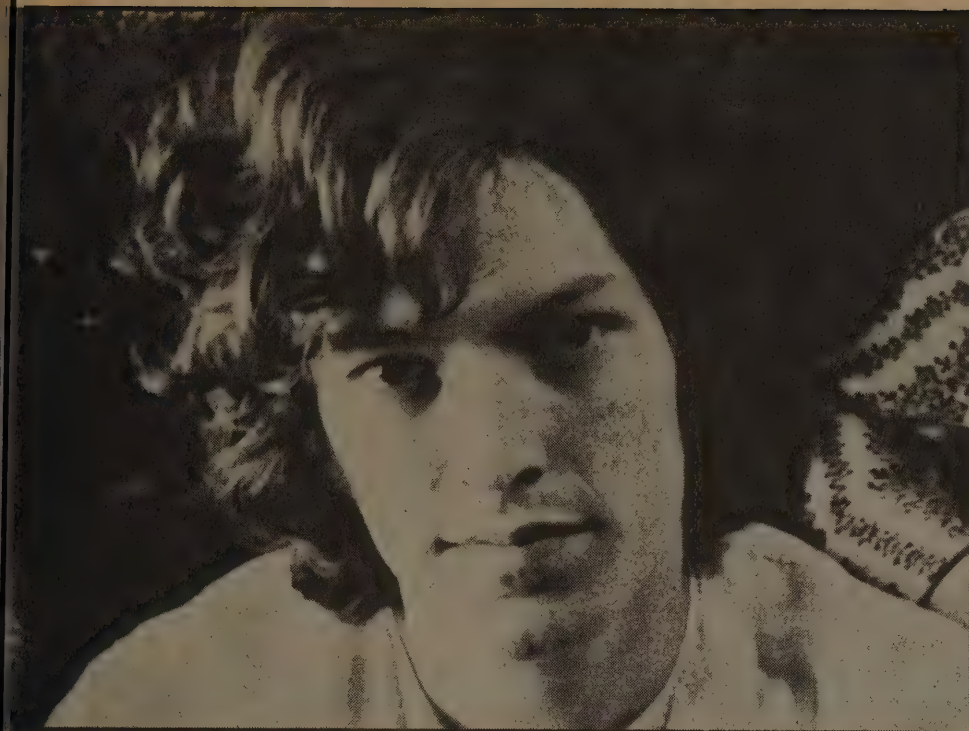
Does it mean that they will be forming a group together I asked?

"It probably will be," he replied, "but I don't want to commit myself so strongly that I can't back out."

What then are the chances?

"Oh, 75 to 25," said Eric with an enigmatic smile. Then after a pause added: "Very good chances actually. There's no one else. The only thing is that if I do a record with Stevie or form a group with him, I am kinda stuck





for a rhythm section, and my immediate reaction would be to call up Jack and Ginger because they are the only two that I am familiar with. But I don't know how Stevie would feel about that.

"He might want to call up Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood, etc. So it's a problem.

"If there were a group it would probably be only temporary, but the time might be a lot longer than other people would call temporary. We might drift around for a year or so or a couple of years.

"And as Jack has said, there is some chance that Cream will all be back together in nine months. I'd quite like to do it all again with another member. With Stevie — yeh. Say someone said get together at the end of this year, after I have had all my little diversions, then I might do it — but not as a trio."

Apart from Eric's associations with Stevie, another heavy influence on him of late has come from his friendship with George Harrison.

"He influences me a lot," said Eric, "in what he says about things and about music. But there is no chance that we would get involved in a group because he has the best group in the world on his hands. And he would be a fool to check out of that.

"But I will still be seeing him because he turns you on. He is a fantastic person; a very heavy man."

✓ We talked about Tony Palmer's BBC Omnibus tribute to the Cream and how different Eric seemed now from the film interviews in the programme.

"There have obviously been some great changes. When those interviews were done we had just checked into San Francisco to play the Fillmore and we were very egotistical about everything. We were just God's gift to the world but that didn't last long.

"I don't feel so 'dog eat dog' any more.

I felt very much as if I was in a competition. I was very aware of people talking about this 'fastest guitar alive' bit.

"But there is no necessity to go into that now. I am now quite prepared to go into a studio and make anything that sounds good to me — and be satisfied with it.

"I'm not worried about its appeal to other people or how it stands up against the latest guitarist to come up. I am not so hung up now on being a success.

"But there is no such thing as a best guitarist. Because if I had a lick that was better than Beck's then Beck would have a lick that was better than mine. And Hendrix is better than all of us anyway," he laughed.

The strange thing about the legendary Mr. Clapton is that while much is heard of Clapton the musician and guitarist, little is ever heard of Clapton the man.

This is usually the case with legendary characters, as Eric undoubtedly is, and derives from his wish to avoid a personality cult — a situation he not only intends to continue but to intensify.

"If I am in a newspaper it is always about my guitar playing," agreed Eric. "It has always been that way. I don't have a personality appeal like, say, a Bee Gee.

"It's also because I'm so fickle, I suppose. I mean I can't tie myself down to ever looking the same."

I can vouch for that. On "Omnibus," Eric's hair was wavy and he had a moustache. The last time I saw him, in December at the Stones' "Rock and Roll Circus," he had no moustache and long straight hair. On Thursday, he had changed yet again. Now the moustache is back, his hair is shorter at the sides and he has acquired a fringe.

"I remember once when I was with John

Mayall I used to wear military jackets," he recalled. "I played at one place and the whole crowd was wearing military uniforms. And I came out wearing a clown outfit or something strange and there were hundreds of brought down people everywhere.

"But I avoid trying to get a personality cult. I expect this year to really drop out of it completely, publicity wise, press wise.

"I just don't think you can keep the public interested in someone who is not taking the steps to interest them.

"I am now virtually in a position where I have nothing to say to anybody. What my plans are, what I eat for breakfast and all that.

"Even my most faithful fans whoever they may be are bound to give up sooner or later.

"No. I'm not deliberately trying to lose them. I am just being myself but I don't think that will interest them for long. I mean — just a bloke. There's nothing for them to get hung up on."

They manage to get hung up on Lennon, McCartney, etc., as "just blokes," I suggested.

"They are not just blokes," protested Eric, "they are...well, I'm hung up on Harrison, Lennon, McCartney and Ringo because they are the saints of the Twentieth Century."

A lot of people would put Eric in the same class.

"No, I just don't see that," he continued. "I can't see how just being a guitarist is enough."

But a very good guitarist.

"Not even a good guitarist. But if I were a songwriter and I had things to say that people could follow. ...I can only really appeal to other guitarists. There can't be too many chicks, or pop music fans either."

What did you eat for breakfast?

"Porridge," said Eric and smiled.

The new team will not be known as Cream — its founder members are in the process of selecting a name, and are simultaneously looking for a bass player to augment the line-up into a quartet.

Clapton, Ginger Baker and Winwood later spent a week living and rehearsing together in Stevie's Berkshire cottage.

Eric Clapton said: "Our first intention is to get an album together. This will give us something to work from and, once this has been achieved, we'd hope to commence live performances within about a month."

The group's attitude to singles would be the same as the Cream's, explained Clapton. He added "We will not set out with the principle object of making singles — but if any track stands out as an obvious single then we shall certainly release it as such."

On the subject of the Clapton-Baker reunion, Eric said: "We haven't really picked each other — we simply floated back together. I personally do not anticipate any contractual difficulties for the new group, because anyone who stood in the way of a project like this would be mad." □ nick logan



You'll enjoy this one: Several months ago there was a gig at the Fillmore East called Super Session and it was, of course, Al Kooper and Michael Bloomfield doing their things from the album of the same name. They eased into the razorback chordings of "Season of the Witch" and Kooper began to sing. "When I look over my shoulder/what do you think I see... *Terry Reid looking over my shoulder/that's what I see.*"

It has nothing to do with Johnny Winter, save that it all happened that very night. I thought you'd enjoy that one as much as I did.

As I was saying, there was this Super Session jam, to which a number of other musicians contributed and it was a pleasant enough set, all things considered. Nobody expected very much of a jolt. But when Michael Bloomfield introduced a guitarist by the name of Johnny Winter with unprintable superlatives, the easy grooving audience at the Fillmore East woke up a little bit. Onto the stage shuffled a young man with silky white hair, a broad brimmed black hat and an electric guitar. He played licks that sparkled, melody lines that shimmered and harp that cut through the brainfog like a psychic reveille. It took 20 minutes and Johnny Winter was the talk of the town.

The story actually begins with a December 7th issue of ROLLING STONE in a major feature on the Texas music scene. A large picture of Winter and a paragraph or two described him as the hottest item outside of Janis Joplin (who also comes from Texas).

Scene impresario Steve Paul, on an unexplainable hunch, flew down to Texas and brought Johnny Winter up to New York. Whatever it was that caught Paul's eye, ear or imagination served him well. Johnny Winter is one of the most remarkable musicians I've ever heard, and mind you I'm spoiled—I've filled my life with the best music I could find.

Winter jammed around town for a few days at The Scene, a small, cramped club in the bowls of West 46th street, where the candles stay lit till the wee hours of the morning. It's the only hip place open that late and the most likely spot for jams to ignite as musicians playing other gigs in town finish their night's work and come out to play.

A couple of months later, Winter and two sidemen played a legitimate billing at the Fillmore East to their own audience. Rehearsed and prepared, sharp as a whip and twice

JOHNNY WINTER

Blues From Texas

as clean, Winter won them over, hands down.

He plays flashy straight-ahead 12-bar blues with mercurial sidetrips up and down the scale. Each note he throws is tasty and right, always close to the melody in a tightly controlled pattern. His two musicians, drummer "Uncle" John Turner and Tommy Shannon on bass, complete a tight ensemble, filling in the spaces, keeping Winter up front. It's a tight, flexible knot, blues with flair; melodic, fresh and energetic.

It starts with Sonny Boy Williamson's *Help Me* followed by an adaptation of *Killin' Floor* by Howlin' Wolf. Winter tunes down for *Black Cat Bone* and the slinky ringing chordings make the blues your own. B.B. King headlines that evening's performance and Winter, in tribute to the king of the blues, sings B.B.'s *It's My Own Fault*.

His voice is solid, it looms and

raunches, growling out the phrases, sliding up the scale from contralto to counter tenor falsetto, always secure and full of feeling. He's got the blues and he's got them down pat.

The last few months have elevated many blues virtuosos, but there's something special about Winter. For one thing he cuts a sharp figure onstage with that white hair falling out of the gaucho hat...his visual impact is as cool and as clean as his name. His playing is always under control, flamboyant but not pretentious. It contains more substance than frill and the licks that pepper up the sound belong. He arranges rich clusters of notes, stringing them along long fluid melody lines like ornaments. The rocking blues fairly bubble, the slow ones moan with soul. The dust of the down home little blues clubs of Texas is entrenched in his style and though he's a provocative sight on stage with his burgundy jeans,

black shirt, shrimp pink scarf and unforgettable hat, he never distracts from his music. He moves very little, his mind's on the music and so is yours. His heart's in the sound he makes and he's on top of it all. Slender, almost bony, ghostlike with that white hair, his style, both personal and musical, is not one anyone's likely to forget.

At press time major labels were fighting over Winter. He's made about as much commotion as any major happening on the music scene in New York, and the scene, if not exactly bleak has been pale for a while as supergroups fade or break up and little other than what seems to be an authentic blues revival fills the gap. He seems rather astonished about it all, but not unnerved.

Backstage he ran down the set to reporters, identified his musicians, chatted quietly and a bit uneasily to some members of B.B. King's band who came to tell him "You're *bad*, man" (which is blues talk for great.) "The next superstar," Steve Paul beams.

Superstar is an unfortunate choice of words when speaking of pop music at this juncture. Superstars are personalities first and foremost, confident mythmakers, scenesters and style setters. They're the stuff good copy is made of and, in turn, publicity surrounds them like a coat of many colors. A superstar bluesman is an incongruity to my way of thinking, a contradiction of terms. Blues, however inventive, is traditional music drawing from a rich, inviolate black heritage. Superstardom somehow rearranges convention drastically, and Winter doesn't exactly live up to a case built on extremes. Hopefully he won't have to live it down, either.

He's a musician first and foremost, a really heavy guitar man who plays a competent harp as well. His voice is confident and he's got enough soul to move an audience twice the size of the Fillmore East. Still, it looks a little strange to see him walk off stage in a flutter of strobelight, it's just not his scene.

With a little luck and a lot of efficiency, Winter will be touring and recording very soon, and I'd say he's a performer you wouldn't want to miss if you dig blues. If you don't let the inevitable but well meant hype affect you, it will be a performance that will reach inside and move you through the joys and *desperation* of the blues that claim us all. Johnny Winter is a main man rather than a prime mover, but then again, how many bands have you ever seen that can upstage a light-show just by being cool? □ ellensander

POPULAR MUSIC BEFORE ROCK & ROLL

For most young listeners today in America, the terms "pop" and "rock" are pretty much synonymous. And we don't have to go too far beyond the boundaries of rock in order to take in virtually all the pop music that is healthy and active in this country. Even in the "easy listening" area, whose listeners buy more soap and therefore have more radio stations to listen to, the merger of country-western and R&B sounds that gave us rock in the 1950's has such a far-reaching influence that it is taken for granted. It's there everytime Glen Campbell opens his mouth or Herb Alpert toots his trumpet. Even Frank Sinatra often puts aside the swing rhythms of his youth for the straight-time of rock (as in "Something Stupid," for instance).

So what was pop music like before there was rock? We get only a badly distorted picture of pre-rock pop in our musical experience today, for we see it only in its fossilized form. It is only played for a middle-aged public that (with some exceptions) wants the music to be updated a bit (so they don't feel too old) but doesn't want it really updated. So the music played today for people who grew up in, say, the 1930's, lacks most of the charm and strength of original 1930's music, and certainly doesn't appeal to the 1960's either. It just hovers somewhere in between, infesting our lives via Muzak and other sounds made for people who don't really care about them.

Only in an occasional Late Late show do today's young people get any picture of what things were like when old pop music and its fans were young. And even the movies give a distorted picture (one could hardly say that today's movies reflect the mainstream of the pop scene either, for that matter). Pop music in the 1920's did not all sound like the soundtracks of old cartoons. Nor, for that matter, did it all sound like Tiny Tim. People

who were young then loved their pop music as much as we love ours. By looking at its history we can perhaps gain a little insight and sympathy, as well as an extremely important background to the history of rock.

Popular music exists in practically every human culture on earth. In many places it is indistinguishable from folk music. In Western Europe and its American colonies, popular music can be said to have begun when printed texts became a prominent way of circulating new compositions among the common people. It was the distinction between common people and the elite that distinguished popular from classical music, along with the fact that popular music consisted of generally less cerebral, simpler pieces which underwent a high turnover rate, as opposed to great works of Art preserved through the ages. (These distinctions are all breaking down very quickly in today's new ball game).

America had a flourishing pop music scene well before 1776. By the mid-19th century it was very well established, centered around the New York theatrical establishment, with tentacles reaching across the country wherever there were theatres. And the prosperous sheet-music publishing industry sent the latest songs everywhere, even where there weren't any theatres. Playing and singing the hits of the day around the parlor piano was a most universal form of recreation, in the days before machines could fill a home with music.

But the march of technology was soon to change all that. First the player piano and then the talking machine made it possible to have music at home without having a musician in the family; these two devices conquered America at, and shortly after, the turn of the century. The phonograph was especially revolutionary, for it not only enabled a new tune to be spread

across the country very quickly, but also enabled prominent artists to have their performances heard far beyond the range of their tours. Though it didn't go electric until 1925, the phonograph was from the beginning a part of the great communications revolution.

The phonograph both created and preserved pop music history. Created it, because popular tunes could now run their course much faster, and new ones were more quickly available to take their place. And since performances as well as songs were circulated, there was much more impetus for change and innovation in performances style. What had been rather static for many years was suddenly very dynamic. Meanwhile, the phonograph pre-

served every little nuance of change for the analytical ears of the future, giving us something tangible to write about.

In the pop music of the early 20th century, and the 19th before it, you had a basic division between dance music, which was instrumental, and vocal pop music. The vocals were intended to move you by tear-jerking sentimentality rather than by rhythm or any other means of strictly musical power. There were many lively songs, but these were always the most lightweight part of the repertoire.

But even back then, revolution was brewing, with the phonograph as its tool. Beginning around 1910, and continuing well into the 1920's, pop music underwent changes al-



most as drastic as those which came in the 1950's. And, just as in the 1950's, it was the white public's increasing awareness of Negro music that precipitated many of these changes.

It was in the first 2 decades of the new century, in the very days when blues was being born in the rural areas of the Deep South, that first ragtime and then jazz captivated the Negroes of many Southern and Midwestern cities. This instrumental music, some of it not terribly dissimilar to the traditional white dance forms like the quadrille, was a bit more accessible to whites than the blues was. By 1910 it was common to hear white dance bands playing a watered-down version of ragtime. In the process, a tremendous upsurge of interest in ballroom dancing was created among middle-class white America, reaching its peak when the Fox Trot swept the country right after World War I.

Meanwhile the vocal type of white pop music had also been much influenced by Negro sounds. (Not that there hadn't been Negro influence around for a long time. Minstrel shows, some of them featuring real black performers, were very popular among whites in the latter part of the 19th century. The still-famous songs of Stephen Foster came out of this scene. — "Oh Susannah," "Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," etc.) In the first fifteen years of the 20th century there was a great vogue for what were called at the time "coon" songs, in which mythical Negroes were sympathetically if patronizingly portrayed doing all sorts of things, some foolish and some noble. Most of these songs were in the verse-chorus form. The verse, a kind of long introduction, would describe some picturesque Negro character, and the chorus would consist of a direct quotation of something the character said. Many times the sentiments expressed in these choruses were more freely emotional and less inhibited than the things white performers were supposed to say on stage in that decorous era. Putting them into the mouths of mythical Negroes made it seem more proper according to Victorian standards. People in 1912 thought these songs were quite exciting.

When W. C. Handy brought the blues to Harlem about 1912, many "blues" songs were cast into this verse-chorus form for white

consumption, and soon these imitation blues became very popular. Soon this kind of music began to serve a function which is even more important for history than the one we've just discussed. Just as blues in the Negro tradition is intended both for dancing and for vocal expression, the two functions began to be combined in Negro-influenced white music. By 1920, as the dance craze swept the land, most of the hit songs were being written for a dual function, as dance and vocal music. To choose at random one of the great hits of that year, "The Japanese Sandman" was a smash hit record for vocalist Nora Bayes on Columbia, and an even bigger success for Paul Whiteman's dance band on Victor. The Whiteman record, which contained the equally popular "Whispering" on the other side, sold about one million copies. There weren't nearly as many people to buy records as there are now, either; the phonograph was obviously very big business in 1920.

It was in this environment that Paul Whiteman became established as the outstanding personality in the music of the 1920's. He did not sing and rarely played, but the orchestra he "fronted" and guided was tops in the land. Both in terms of audience appeal, and in the quality of its music respective to the standards of the time, Paul Whiteman's band was the Beatles of its day.

By this time jazz was being heard in the Northern cities; the closing of New Orleans' red-light district in 1919 had driven many of the best jazzmen North in search of employment. And an enterprising and musicianly quintet of young white men had put together a palpable imitation of the New Orleans style, called themselves the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, and created a sensation. Jazz was the real underground music of the 1920's. In its pure form it was heard mainly by Negroes, but also enjoyed by many white musicians and other adventurous young people who had to exercise considerable initiative to find the music they wanted, even on records. Paul Whiteman was one of the musicians who became aware of it, and he began introducing little hints of it, then bigger hints of it, into his records for the white masses. For most white people Whiteman provided their first exposure to jazz, and so he acquired the reputation of being the King of Jazz. (Which



is very much like calling Bill Haley the King of Rhythm & Blues, as some well-meaning people certainly did in the 1950's). When white intellectuals finally became thoroughly acquainted with real Negro jazz, much later, they spent so much energy putting down Whiteman that they forgot his great service as a sort of missionary for jazz.

By 1925, the year the phonograph went electric and records began to sound more like real music, Whiteman was regularly combining dance and vocal music in the same performances. An average Whiteman record would have about four choruses, or repetitions of the most important part of the tune, and one of the choruses would be vocal. In the late 1920's, many of Whiteman's vocals were sung by a trio called the Rhythm Boys, one of whom subsequently went out on his own. His name was Bing Crosby.

At this same time Whiteman had some real jazzmen in his band for varying lengths of time—Red Nichols, Bix Beiderbecke to name a couple. Though they had to play standard arrangements most of the time, they were frequently allowed a half chorus or so to do an improvised solo. Which isn't all that different from, say, Jeff Beck's function with the Yardbirds, except that things can be more spontaneous now due to the smaller size of the bands.

There were many other popular recording bands that played in more or less the same style as Whiteman, with personal variations (which were not as marked as the variations in style between rock groups today). Among the more famous were the bands of George Olsen, Leo Reisman, Roger Wolfe, Ben Pollack, Art Hickman and Ted Weems. And there was Waring's Pennsylvanians, a sharp dance band long before they became a choral group. Somewhat lesser known but still prominent on records was a West Coast orchestra led by Herman Kenin, now national head of the Musicians' Union.

But not all the top vocalists of this period sang with bands, though most of them took a crack at it sooner or later. The classically-trained tenors and vaudeville comedians who had held the spotlight circa 1920—Henry Burr and Irving Kaufman in the former category, Al Jolson and the somewhat older Billy Murray in the latter—gave way to a new and more romantic kind of singer who appealed strongly to the young female audiences. The advent of the microphone — used in P. A. systems as well as the newly popular radio—made possible the development of the "crooning" style in singing. With amplification to help them along, singers did not have to belt their sounds out to the 62nd row, but could perform in a



more intimate style. Gene Austin, with a tenor voice so high it verged on falsetto, and which never rose above a loud pianissimo, was all the rage in 1927-28. His biggest hits were "Ramona," "My Melancholy Baby," and one song that everybody knows even today—"My Blue Heaven." I'm sure Tiny Tim could tell you all about him.

And so the Twenties roared along. It was an exciting decade in a lot of ways, from gangsterism to sports. It could be said that America celebrated the end of World War I by going on a ten-year drunken spree. And the music — the sexy crooners as well as the stomping jazz bands and their fox-trotting imitators—fit in perfectly. But after all drunken sprees must come hangovers. Ours was the Great Depression, brought on by the stock market bummer of October, 1929. It is quite remarkable how radically and how quickly the music of America changed at that time; you can almost pin the changes down day and date to the time of the Crash. The Jazz Age was over. Gene Austin was forgotten, and Whiteman barely held on. There was, however, a new star, a suave young man from the blueblooded East who played sax and led a dance orchestra. The orchestra was a little smaller than

Whiteman's, and played in a much more restrained manner at slower tempos; there were no jazz solos. Most of the spotlight went to the leader's vocals, which were a little like Gene Austin's but not quite so ethereal, a little more wordly. His name was Rudy Vallee. For the first couple years of the Depression, the pop world was his. Then he gradually surrendered the top spot to a solo vocalist, none other than Whiteman's old favorite Bing Crosby.

Crosby made it to the top on romantic appeal, singing melodious ballads of the moon-June variety (plus somewhat more sophisticated songs from Broadway and the movies). And as he and his generation grew older, he stayed on top through his ability to sing just about anything with a pretty melody. For many years his Decca disc of "White Christmas" stood as the best-selling single of all time. As recently as the late 1950's it would come back and make the charts every single Christmas. His flair for comedy made him an ideal movie star, and his films remained enormously successful even after he could no longer play the young-lover types. And through it all his voice has remained one of the smoothest and most supple sounds ever heard in

pop music. Deep feeling isn't his forte, but his technique is incredible; his intonation and phrasing never slip from perfection. A whole generation and a half of ballad singers — from Perry Como to Dean Martin and on to Engelbert Humperdinck — are deeply in his debt. By the way, I understand Bing recently recorded "Hey Jude."

Pop music in the 1930's was generally a very bland affair. Cole Porter, George Gershwin and other Broadway composers were writing excellent songs, whose intricate chord structures and tricky melodies have kept them popular with jazz musicians — even some of the most progressive ones — to this very day. But the words to these tunes ran to triteness, or cuteness, or both, and the performances rarely added anything to the words and music on paper. The dance bands cranked them out with little imagination. But then, about 1936, a very interesting thing happened. Once again, just as in the 1920's, the pop musicians, and the more aware members of the public, started getting into jazz again. But it was a new kind of jazz. Though the changes of 1929 wiped out most of the white jazz groups, the music remained strong in Harlem and the other Northern ghettos. Bands like

Duke Ellington's and Fletcher Henderson's were forging ahead with an exciting new jazz style, in which the basic melodic and harmonic ideas of jazz were simplified, and then made heavier by the addition of more musicians on the same parts. (Nowadays, to make something heavier, you just turn it up; but you couldn't do that in 1930). However old-hat big bands are today, you can't listen to such albums as *The Fletcher Henderson Story* (Columbia) without feeling the excitement that big-band jazz produced in its heyday. Eventually the big-band jazz style came to be called "swing," and that was the name under which it captivated the dancing masses of America in the mid-1930's. Once again, the biggest successes were the white imitators; now the big names were Benny Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, and a bit later Glenn Miller and Harry James.

The period from 1936 to 1946 was truly the Big Band Era. Though solo singers like Bing Crosby remained popular, the great bulk of the action was with the orchestras. The orchestra of 10 to 15 pieces was simply the standard format of the day, just like the group of 3 to 7 pieces is today. You could roughly divide the bands into two groups: "swing bands" which played music based on the Harlem big-band jazz style, more or less watered down, and "sweet bands" (like Guy Lombardo's and Lawrence Welk's) which played the white style that had been established in the early 1930's, very bland. We should note that most of the "swing" bands also played some "sweet" numbers, in what was properly regarded as a bow to commercialism.

Meanwhile, there developed for the first time a large and knowledgeable white audience for jazz in its undiluted forms. Serious books began to be written about the history of jazz, and numerous reissues of early jazz records were prepared, both in the USA and in Europe. A lot of white people became interested in the current jazz scene as well, going beyond the white swing imitations to get at the real thing, as played by Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Duke Ellington and other great black bands. There was also a lot of interest in the contemporary experiments of Lester Young, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, and in authentic jazz singers like Billie Holiday and Dinah Washington.

By the late 1940's the swing-band movement began to peter out, and the sweet bands began drying up as well, as the spotlight swung over to solo vocalists. Most of these new singing stars favored very light-weight material. The public turned out in great droves for the glossy but superficial entertainment of such artists as Doris Day, Perry Como, Johnny Mercer and Frank Sinatra. As one might expect, this scene had little to offer the jazz fan, or for that matter anyone who liked a little excitement in his music. The result was that jazz continued to grow enormously in popularity. By the early 1950's, when Eddie Fisher, Frankie Laine and Rosemary Clooney had joined the singers just

mentioned as America's sweethearts, jazz was at the peak of its powers. Such people as Stan Kenton (who adapted the big-band format to the modern jazz of the 1940's), Dave Brubeck and Chet Baker became household names, while the great black modernists like Gillespie, Parker, Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Quartet earned nearly equal popularity and far greater loyalty. Jazz continued to be the major musical diversion of the college-age intellectual audiences until folk took over in the early 1960's.

Having lost deservedly the more adventurous portions of its audience, the standard pop scene had no vitality left at all by 1953. Juvenile novelties became more and

more prominent on the Hit Parade, but there was very little to interest the young consumer who had outgrown "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus". When those kids started discovering that the Negroes across the tracks had more exciting things to listen to than "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" or "Till I Waltz Again With You", the old pop scene's days were numbered. When musicians and record people discovered that the new Negro music and the previously-despised sounds of white country folk could be combined to form a whole new world of music, with sufficient variations to interest the squarest listener as well as the hippest, it was the end of the line for the old pop

scene as a source of new entertainment for America's youth.

The main reason for studying history is to give us insights into the present. Though pop music has never, in its whole history, reverted for any great length of time to a style that had been around before and then passed from the scene, we can see analogies if not similarities with the rock scene of today. And since history does repeat itself, what can the history of the old pop scene tell us about the history of rock?

We could rather gloomily prophesy that rock is heading for a Crash like that which befell the jazz age. However we can be reassured by the fact that rock is much more firmly entrenched, in the business of music as well as the minds of its creators, than jazz was in the 1920's. The jazz influence in 1920's pop music never got beyond the stage of a fad, like people thought rock & roll was in the 1950's. Whereas the most popular "jazz" music in the 1920's was made by imitators, the rock music of today is made by people who grew up with rock, and will be very hard pressed to change overnight to some other kind of music.

I feel there is a much more plausible parallel with what happened in the 1940's, when there came to be a large polarization between the "hip" and the "square" elements of the audience. Whereas in the late 1950's and early 1960's all rockfans listened to the same radio stations and were happy, we now have a sharp division between the FM, album-buying audience and the AM, single-buying people. Many groups are now appealing to both, with different recordings frequently, just like bands in the 1940's played both swing and sweet music; but many other groups have made a choice and stuck to it. And one has to admit that the music on AM today is more stagnant than it was in 1965; the same formulas seem to keep coming back again and again. I don't endorse this trend, for it certainly does not bode well for the continued health of the singles scene. But it's certainly something to look at and think about. Maybe the singles scene could get so dried up that a whole new and exciting kind of music will come along, something that will catch the music business just as flatfooted as rock did in the 1950's. I hope I'm still open minded enough by then to dig it. □

barret hansen





Meet **THE** **AMBOY DUKES**

TED NUGENT - lead guitar

It was three years ago, somewhere in the wilderness outside Detroit when Ted first stuck his guitar behind his back and started playing. A week later, it was with his teeth, and another week, with his tongue.

Ted still does all of that today, but for the most part, only in private. "Sure, I did it three years ago," he'll explain, "but Jimi Hendrix became so identified with guitar stunts that it just wouldn't look right for anyone else to come on stage and do it -- like it's not an essential part of the music, it's just a groovy trick.

There's no reason for anyone else to carry it on. I stopped when Jimi started."

As intelligent and articulate offstage as he is on, Ted feels that music is the best medium for him to communicate, and the most exacting. "Music says a great deal more than words can; music can create and recreate moods. Instantly. That's something it takes many words to do." In his own use of music Ted is carrying on, a love affair that is delicate, sincere and about fifteen years old.

Ted's friends see him as intense, a bit savage, aggressive, demanding and self-assured.... someone who turns out to be the leader in

nearly any situation.

He prefers the outdoors to the plastic inside, and the woods to the city. He'd rather be with a chick who's sweet, soft and real than be without one. Prefers long hair to nearly anything else he can touch or be tied to.

Ted started the Amboy Dukes in Chicago during mid 1967. Today he's the acknowledged leader. With the notice he's been getting, tomorrow might well find him acknowledged as one of the country's most creative guitarists.

RUSTY DAY lead vocals

On the day Russell E. "Muskrat" Day joined the AMBOY DUKES, there was an eclipse of the moon; later in the afternoon his nine planets lined up, as they do every million years or so. Rusty was on his way!

Having a hate of people who constantly have to label others, Rusty has seen to it that it's impossible for anyone to label him. We can try describing him, but that, too, is hard --- his head is covered with hair emanating from all directions, long thick sideburns making a bridge to his bushy blond-red mustache, with a sometimes wisp of a beard; eyes always smiling, mouth always sporting an amused expression; always well dressed, usually in leathers, buttoned up, and ready to laugh.

Rusty's been in groups for eight years now; he headed his own, Rusty Day and the Mid-nighters for a time --- and replaced Mitch Ryder as the lead singer of the Detroit Wheels! He's proficient on drums and harmonica. In fact, one of the highlights of any AMBOY DUKES live performance is when both Rusty and Dave set up on their own drum sets and pound the beat together.

In his spare time Rusty does his best to get away from "Things Man-made," and runs off to the country with the most honest chick he can find --- especially if she has outsize legs!

as the newest member of the group, Rusty's presence has been felt in the changing of the group's sound further in the direction of Rusty's own two favorite groups---John Mayall and the Early Stones.

Since Rusty's been around, everyone's been happier --- the sound's been better, the smiles wider, and the fans more and more numerous.

STEVE FARMER rhythm guitar

Steve's head is covered by a silky crown of blonde hair that falls down to caress his shoulders. His tastes, like his mannerisms, are soft; his smile contagious. As a totality he's modest and disturbingly undemanding --- preferring to groove than to complain, and always having a wide grin to offer.

Steve doesn't talk an awful lot, but he writes a great deal; some poetry, some prose, many songs ---but all concerned with the "up" as opposed to the "down". And that is good.

He's been playing since junior high school, way back when. He's been singing in public since he was a kid --- always alone though, and never with a group. It was when Ted first dragged him out of Detroit to play with the Amboy Dukes that Steve made his first appearance with others on stage. "I was a little hesitant at first --- having too good a time just grooving in Detroit, not wanting to take the chance on anything or anyone spoiling it. All I wanted then was my guitar and a place to lie down."

But now that he's an Amboy Duke and he's travelled to hundreds of cities throughout the country, he's discovered it all to be a groove;

"Of all the cities we've been to," he'll volunteer, "I got off the most on Boston. . . . I still dream of myself alone on an island miles out in the ocean with only one visitor a day . . . a chick. . . . I could really turn on and get to know." Until that time comes, though, Steve will keep more than happy tripping into little blues clubs in whatever town the group is passing through.

DAVE PALMER drums

Record World Magazine, one of the music industry's leading insider's publications, stood up and took note during an incredible ten minute drum solo Dave performed during a recent Amboy Dukes engagement at the Fillmore East in New York.

The crowd at the Fillmore, probably the most critical conglomeration of Rock People to be found anywhere, rose to its feet, with particular homage directed at Dave, after the Dukes completed "Going Back to Miami," one of their favorite live numbers.

Dave is a "do-er" and prefers living to sleeping, running to walking. And his energy and exuberance show in everything he does. He's capable and proficient in mastering nearly any new art or technique instantly, whether it be on his instrument or in his personal life.

In girls, he's demanding --- and always on the lookout for a girl whose main attribute is in her considerateness; one who understands his own many moods, who laughs when appropriate but who also knows when to be quiet.

Dave himself? He's a bit on the quiet side, preferring actions to words and non-verbal communication to talking. Likewise, he prefers being with people whose dispositions are similar --- those who prefer relinquishing with superfluous rapping.

An accomplished writer, Dave has been winning awards for his short stories and articles since he was in school. He's been a movie-making addict since he was twelve. . . carries at least a still camera wherever he goes, and gets into heavy raps with Andy Solomon, on old movies, particularly "The Phantom of the Opera." Dave's own tastes in music run towards jazz and heavy blues, both of which he's mastered in his own drum technique.

And then there are the talkers and do-ers. . .

GREG ARAMA bass guitar

Someone wise (maybe Andy Solomon?) once made the profound thought that "every rock group has to have an enigma." Eyes cross-examined each face in the room. Within a few moments there was a consensus.

I looked around then and noticed that all eyes were focused on the face of Greg Arama --- who was subsequently dubbed the groups enigma.

Enigma sat tall in his chair, seeing, hearing knowing no evil. He was laughing at all the

peering eyes. It was then that the validity of the consensus was affirmed.

Greg is the hardest Duke to figure out. Off-stage he prances through life like a fawn or pony (one girl jumped at him before a concert and yelled "Bundle of Joy! Bundle of Joy!"); bright eyed, bushy tailed, always wagging. He's fiercely loyal to his friends, and wouldn't think twice about letting himself be torn out of bed at four in the morning to pull a scared kitten out of a tree.

On stage though, Greg goes through transformations, and the affable sociability that dominates his personal life disappears --- he stands alone at the rear of the stage, deliberately tangled between the strings of his bass. Not laughing at all save for occasional uncontrollable outbursts when Ted breaks a string or Dave a drumstick.

Detroit, home of the Amboy Dukes, will probably never forget or stop telling tales of Greg's speed and accuracy on his instrument --- he's always been part of the local folklore --- but more important, Greg's bass lines are imaginative musically. They've become an important part of the group's sound.

It's always interesting to meet an enigma --- and in Greg's case, when the pieces of the puzzle are finally snapped together, it makes for a groovy picture and a carefree trip!

ANDY SOLOMON Piano/organ

Through age and attitude both, Andy is the wise old man of the Amboy Dukes. Self-righteous, introverted and full of justice, he's more apt to sit and watch than to take over.

But when he does step in, he's violent, impassioned and rageful. Otherwise he's. . . well, he's Andy Solomon, the man who tempers the sometimes wild antics of the group through his sometimes aloof, often dispassionate, always, attentive attitude.

Through his scholarly, meticulous red beard he peers through his wire-rimmed spectacles at the wildfire goings-on of his cohorts, and half the time sits back in wonder, trying to understand what's going down though his participation might seem passive, his mind is active, and the few outbursts he ventures are weighted with the deliberation of a poet.

Andy is a man of many ideas, musical and personal. He's also full of frustration at a world in which there are so many injustices. His contribution to changing it is through the music he sees as the almighty pacifier of evil. Andy's ego is marked by a lack of the ego-game one-upmanship that gets in the way of so many people. His presence is most often felt by his realism.

Like the man said --- Andy is the wise old man, the one sitting back on the dock with his bare feet hoisted atop a soapbox, waiting for the fish to bite . . . and that's pretty groovy when you think about it! □

A BEATLE BOOKSHELF

The Beatles: *The Authorized Biography*, by Hunter Davies, illus. McCraw-Hill \$6.95.

The Beatles: *Words Without Music*, compiled by Rick Friedman, Grosset & Dunlap; \$1.00

The Beatles Book, edited by Edward E. Davis. A Cowles Book; \$5.95

The Beatles: *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, by Anthony Scaduto, A Signet Book; .75

The Beatles: *The Real Story*, by Julius Fast, Putnam. \$5.95

On my desk before me are five books, three hardcover and a couple of paperback volumes of the Beatles. Together, in sheer volume, I imagine they represent about one-tenth of all the copy ever written about Messrs. John, Paul, George and Ringo, and, in sheer range, they touch on, if not fully penetrate, almost every aspect of the Beatles that has ever been discussed in print, from the ridiculous to the sublime. (It is the Beatles, after all, who taught us that they are one and the same.)

I've read them all, though much of the contents of several of the books

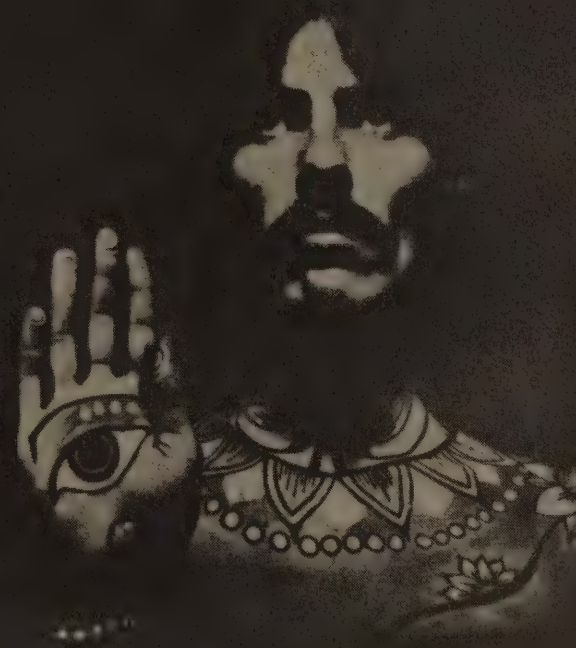
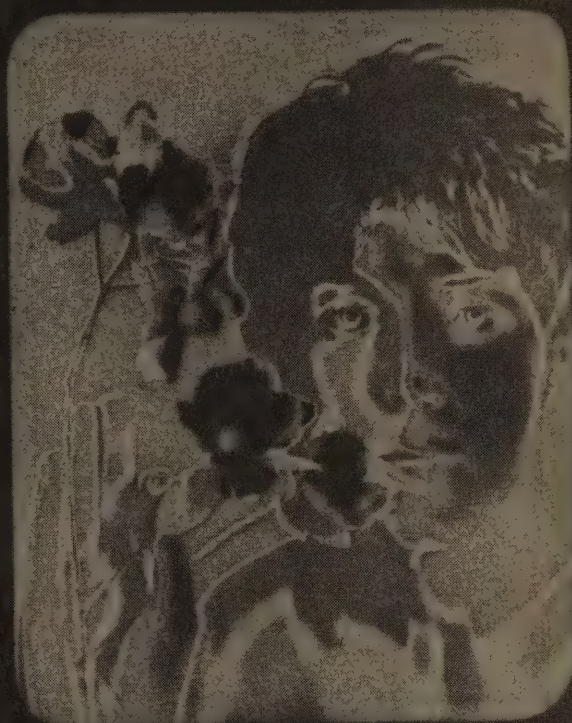
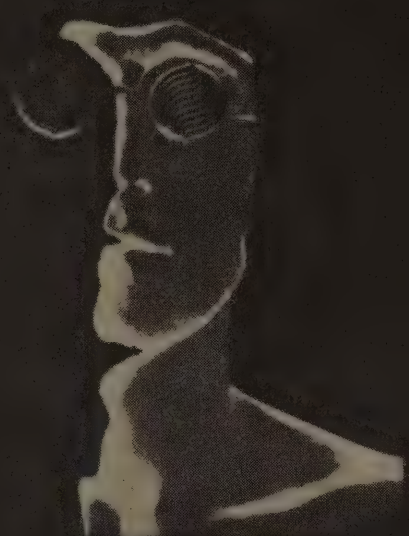
had been published elsewhere and I would read five more Beatle books next month were they to come rolling off the press. One reads them not so much to come to a better understanding of the Beatles (for that we have the records) but to fascinate ourselves with the preoccupation the Beatles have become, and the cross section of critical stances from which the various authors prepare their dissertations, dissections, analogies, analyses and commentary. One need only to listen to the latest Beatle album *qua* Beatle Album (The Beatles) to learn just how The Beatles themselves have seen it all go down and read about it later.

The first, and most auspicious of the Beatlebooks is Hunter Davies' *Authorized Biography*, an authoritative and precise volume of chronology and detail and accuracy, the biographical truth. We learn of the Beatles' separate childhoods, their adolescent trysts with music, showbiz, girls, each other and the vital and incidental people that have influenced them. All of this figures into their music and their influence on the global cultural

It is not a particularly well-reading book, it's rather like a textbook. Davies is very, very British and very, very much the journalist. His words have a dry picked-over quality and regardless of how much accuracy is denoted, he fails to give any color or motion to the "story."

The effect of this minimal style documentary, however, reveals its intention. It humanizes the Beatles, it places them in a very context of life-characters, talented, experienced, accomplished beyond reasonable measure but steadfastly real flesh-and-blood people, by far more ordinary than a dime-store novel character. But, in terms of reading matter, I find this Beatlebook community they in fact created. As such, Davies is a chronicler, not a critic and his book is a stolid assemblage of vital factors and figures with little color, less evaluation (other than the oftstated obvious) and hardly any comment at all, other than an implicit one. "The Authorized Biography," is then, a roadmap through the maze of myth.

THE BEATLES BOOK



edited by Edward E. Davis

lacking in the excitement which belongs to it and the energetic frivolity which characterizes the Beatles. On pure literary terms, it is a respectable, but only an adequate work.

Many critics have dismissed *The Beatles: The Real Story* by Julius Fast as a patchwork of clips and quips and I'm about to do the same thing. As a writer, this one makes me indignant. It's unbearable for its irresponsibility (journalistically and historically) and does nothing but add to a heap of spurious verbiage sloshed all over the pages of various periodicals for the self-aggrandizement of the original and, in Fast's case, secondary, author. Fast only collected and assembled bits and pieces of print on the Beatles, he rarely improves, evaluates or even weighs one borrowed insight against another. He emerges the master of the conjunctive clause and quickie research flackery. Fast is a writer of deserved disrepute who had no more feeling for his subject matter than an indifferent and mildly competent mechanic has for machinery. "The Real Story" is to the Beatles as that horrific Eyes of Blue version of "Yesterday" is to the original—derivative, tasteless, showing neither humility nor understanding and least of all affection or recognition of the Beatles. By all means, miss "The Real Story." Save your \$5.95 and buy an album.

It's not just Fast's technique that I object to, it's his indifference. Reading his book, it's well apparent that it was not even a labor of identification, much less love. I am not of that school of pop journalism which insists on blatant adoration of the Beatles, or anyone else for that matter. Intelligent criticism inevitably has points well taken. But Fast does not even peer into the Beatles, he merely looks at them and shrugs his shoulders, skimming glibly over heresay. I humbly suggest he should be made to wear earphones.

Anthony Scaduto, in a paperback, *The Beatles, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, engages in roughly the same journalistic technique as does Fast, but Scaduto's book is immensely more likeable. Ignore the gauche blurb on the cover which reads "sex, drugs, music, meditation... what else?" Chalk that up to the publisher's idea of a supermarket eye catcher. Open the book and inside is a light-textured scat through Beatle country with a little of this and a bit of that, a touch of well stated, if not terribly perceptive insight. In its unpretentious way, it's one of the best Beatle books,— interesting, well-

written and pleasantly concerned with his subject. I would guess that Scaduto had a good time with the book.

It says nothing that hasn't been examined before, but stacks it up nicely, defers to a style of easy companionable reading. It can be read at one or two sittings and I rather think it would be accessible to even a most casual cultural cruiser.

That last comment is significant, considering from whence I write. A contemporary pop writer, such as myself, naturally lacks a certain distance from books written about things with which one has a thorough working knowledge. I myself am steeped in the literature and lore of pop that I either read and/or write as a central part of my life and livelihood. Which simply means that I do what I like, and I like what I do, and by now I am moderately enlightened and sufficiently stimulated by my subject matter to evaluate it on a first hand basis. Nobody need explain the Beatles to me and there is no Beatle document that I can agree or disagree with in purely objective terms. I can only judge the integrity of the material against its explicit or implied purpose or intention, and against my own literary standards.

It is in that light that I appreciate the presentation of pix, fax and quotes gathered by Rick Friedman in a slim paperback titled *The Beatles: Words Without Music*. It's a home movie approach to graphics on The Beatles, a running verbal and pictorial commentary with neither direction nor point. It simply, tastefully and effectively showcases various fragments of the Beatles' magical mystery romp through the conventions of the late twentieth century, assimilating the changes both institutions have been put through in the process. It's extremely well organized, thoughtful, resourceful and honorably documented. It's also a lot of fun.

Most likely you've heard all of it before—wise cracks from news conferences—aneecdotes, beatlemania shrapnel and all, but it's fun to have it all together, sort of like a family album. It's the funniest of the Beatlebooks, full of the games and good humor the fab four have interjected into everything they've touched upon.

A more serious entry, *The Beatles Book*, edited by Edward E. Davis is one of the more substantial additions to my library. It contains 14 previously published essays on The Beatles by prominent persons in all fields of endeavor, from Richard Goldstein to Timothy Leary, to William F. Buckley and on. And as you might expect, the content of each essay is

expansive and diverse. The commentary ranges from scholarly, purely musical dissertations to conceptual criticism to psychoanalysis and social perspectives. Each angle is intelligently explored, penetrating the Beatles for whatever each writer finds their significance to be. The chapters contradict each other on vital points, one being the relative merits of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

The editor has selected wisely without prejudice and with an eye to an open discussion. It's worth a thorough reading, and, while not a particularly easy-going book (style and perspective shift vastly from chapter to chapter) it's the most rewarding in terms of critical thinking. It encourages a real dialogue about the Beatles and I found much food for many happy hours of thought. I recommend it heartily.

As I mentioned earlier, what delight me most is that books are being written on the Beatles. If such a thing is comprehensible, the impact of the Beatles is being extended in breadth and depth ranging far beyond hysterical statements that are, by coincidence and uniqueness, true by accident. Which is not to suggest that the Beatles have suffered from any lack of attention, but the interests and thoughts of various authors and editors that wrote and compiled this mini-library of Beatlelore is a healthy thing. It embodies an embrace of simple, healthy human values, an assessment of a loneliness characteristic of our times, the need for and creative use of frothing wit and humor, the lesson of devoted involvement and companionship, an unmasking of puritanical social mores, a new high flying adventurousness in literary, musical and life styles and a whole wheel-of-fortune attitude toward life. The Beatles, above all their uncertain moments and constant searching, are close friends, four young men who have conquered the world with romanticism. Four formidable but fallible people who, by claiming to speak only for themselves, spoke with beauty and clarity and, by extension, spoke for an entire generation they inspired. With the publication of these five books, that generation includes all manner of individuals whose life consists of public self-expression in song or print or visual art. There is no epigram to tie the Beatles neatly away and tuck them into a comfortable corner of the twentieth century; by having evolved into a unique social phenomena, popular, celebrated and discussed they have passed into the realm of the universal: the exception that defines a ruling sentiment.

I daresay I love them profoundly. And that's precisely the point. □ellen sander





A Scottish accent filtered through the static on the Trans-Atlantic phone. Derek Creigan, lead singer of Cartoone, the new British group signed to Atlantic, was talking. Turned off to the outside world, and thinking only in terms of their music, Derek was discussing the group's first album — a beautiful potpourri of musical rhyme — which will be issued here in January.

Their first Atlantic LP is all original material, written by Derek and Mike Allison, another member of Cartoone. The album finally came about after a long battle of survival during which the group almost gave up hope for their future existence.

"We worked against tremendous odds from the beginning, when we first started the group in Scotland and tried to play our own material. No one would let us. That was our problem. In Glasgow, where we come from, it seemed that all they wanted to listen to were other people's records. The chance for our own stuff to be heard was relegated to a couple of songs in between established hits. But we did it because it was our bread and butter money, and there would have been no chance for the group if we'd have quit performing."

It was only natural, though, that Cartoone would get fed up with the situation in Scotland and logical that they should make the move to London in their search to be heard.

Three other members of the group — Mike Allison, 23, lead guitar; Charles Mo Trowers, 23, rhythm guitar and Chick E. Coffils, 21, drums, moved south of the border first, taking daytime jobs to pay the rent, and rehearsing at night in order not to lose sight of their objective.

After a few months, Derek uprooted for the London scene, and he rejoined the group in the middle of 1968. "The great thing about us as a group is our togetherness as people. I've known Mo and Mike for about 5 years, and Chick has been with us for six months or so. On a personal basis we're the best of friends, and although Mike and I do most of the writing, everyone contributes a tremendous amount to the end result.

"We could have given in, had fights or gone our separate ways. We were let down so many times that even when Mark London, our producer, took an interest in us, we thought he was just another guy spinning us a line.

"We went to see Mark one Sunday morning without any tapes — just a couple of guitars. He didn't know us, but we persuaded him to get out of bed and listen to us. We laid out a

CARTOONE

A Warm New Sound From England



lot of material — all original, and I guess he must have liked what he heard, because he set some studio time right away, and in three hours we cut 10 demo tracks using just guitar and voice."

Actually, Mark London had flipped out over what he heard. All at once he was hit with a sound that didn't fit into any of the established bags, but ran right through them all. Derek Creigan's voice, distinctively different from all others, added meaning and great warmth to the stark beauty of the lyrics he had written.

For Derek and the boys, it was hard to stick to their ideals, yet they knew they had to. Being told they had something unique to offer, meant even longer

hours writing, rehearsing and arranging in order to get it down on wax. They refused to quit their jobs. "If everything had gone up in smoke we wouldn't have had even those to go back to. We finally stopped working only after the album was complete and we realized we needed 24 hours a day to prepare for personal appearances and albums to come. Since then, we've written so much material, I can't believe it!"

Derek says their first album took 60 hours recording time in the studio. He wrote 11 of the tracks on it.

"I've been writing since I was a little kid in 1959. My songs are not necessarily related to personal experiences. When I'm in a deep depression, I can write happy, but I compose things

all the time.

"I can't put a name to our style on this album. It's just songs that we feel are saying something. We're thrilled with it, but it's over, and we're already into the material for our next one. Yes, there will be changes, though basically the songs will be the same. We'll have more time before we go into the studio again. The excitement of recording will still be there, but the nerves will have calmed down a bit, and if we have to, we'll work a hundred hours straight on one tune.

"We've been given the chance now to express what we really feel, and like everything else, those expressions will change with time. But they'll still be us." □ June Harris

• COMPLETE SONG INDEX •

Badge.....29
 Born Again.....29
 Born On The Bayou.....29
 Brother Love's Traveling
 Salvation Show.....33

Chokin' Kind, The.....29

Didn't You Know.....32
 Don't Forget About Me.....31
 Don't Give In To Him.....33
 Don't Touch Me.....28

First Of May.....30

Galveston.....30
 Gimme, Gimme Good Lovin'.....33
 Goodbye Columbus.....34

I Can Hear Music.....28
 I Like What You're Doing.....33
 Ice Cream Song.....30
 Idaho.....33
 I'll Try Something New.....32
 In The Still Of The Night.....29

WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

Is It Something You've Got.....31
 It's Only Love.....31
 It's Your Thing.....61

Letter, The.....33
 Long Green.....61

Memories.....32
 Mendocino.....32
 Mercy.....33

Only The Strong Survive.....30

Pinball Wizard.....30

River's Invitation, The.....32
 Rock Me.....34

Stand.....28
 Sweet Cherry Wine.....34

Time Was.....29
 Tracks Of My Tears, The.....31
 Twenty-Five Miles.....31

Way It Used To Be, The.....34

• I CAN HEAR MUSIC

(As recorded by the Beach Boys/
 Capitol)

JEFF BARRY

ELLIE GREENWICH

PHIL SPECTOR

This is the way I always dreamed it
 would be

The way that it is, oh, oh
 When you are holding me
 I never had a love of my own
 Maybe that's why, when we're all alone
 I can hear music, I can hear music,
 The sound of the city baby
 Just-a disappears, and-a I can hear
 music

Sweet, sweet music whenever you touch
 me, baby
 Whenever you're near.

Loving you keeps me satisfied
 I can't explain, oh, no
 The way I'm feeling inside
 You look at me, we kiss and then
 I close my eyes, and here it comes
 again

I can hear music, I can hear music
 The sound of the city, baby, just-a
 disappears

And-a I can hear music
 Sweet, sweet music whenever you touch
 me, baby
 Whenever you're near.

I hear the music, hold me tight
 I hear the music, hold me tight now,
 baby

I hear the music, hold me tight
 I hear the music, I hear the music, I
 hear the music

Oh, oh, oh, I can hear music.

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 Inc.

• DON'T TOUCH ME

(As recorded by Bettye Swann/
 Capitol)

HANK COCHRAN

Your hand is like a torch each time you
 touch me
 That look in your eye pulls me apart
 Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
 come in
 Don't touch me if you don't love me,
 sweetheart.

Your kiss is like a drink when I'm thirsty
 And I'm thirsty for you with all my heart
 Don't love me then act as tho' we've
 never kissed
 Don't touch me if you don't love me,
 sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might
 take away
 To have you then lose you wouldn't be
 smart on my part
 Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
 come in
 Don't touch me if you don't love me,
 sweetheart.

Don't give me something that you might
 take away
 To have you then lose you wouldn't be
 smart on my part
 Don't open the door to heaven if I can't
 come in
 Don't touch me if you don't love me,
 sweetheart.

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• STAND

(As recorded by Sly & The Family
 Stone/Epic)

SYLVESTER (Sly Stone) STEWART

Stand
 In the end you'll still be you
 One that's done all the things you set
 out to do
 Stand
 There's a cross for you to bear
 Things to go through if you're going
 anywhere.

Stand
 For the things you know are right
 It's the truth, that the truth
 makes them so uptight

Stand
 All the things you want are real
 You have you to complete
 And there is no deal
 Stand, stand, stand
 Stand, stand, stand.

Stand
 You've been sitting much too long
 There's a permanent crease in your
 right and wrong
 Stand
 There's a midget standing tall
 And the giant beside him about to fall
 Stand, stand, stand
 Stand, stand, stand.

Stand
 They will try to make you crawl
 And they know what you're saying
 Makes sense and all

Stand
 Don't you know that you are free
 Well at least in your mind
 If you want to be
 Everybody stand, stand, stand.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●(I'll Remember) IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

(As recorded by Paul Anka/RCA Victor)
F. PARRIS

In the still of the night
I held you, held you tight
'Cause I love, love you so
Promise I'll never let you go
In the still of the night.

I remember that night in May
The stars were bright above
I'll hope and I'll pray
To keep your precious love.

Well before the light
Hold me again with all of your might
In the still of the night.

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●THE CHOKIN' KIND

(As recorded by Joe Simon/
Sound Stage 7)
HARLAN HOWARD

I only meant to love you
Didn't you know it babe
Didn't you know it
Why couldn't you be content with the
love I gave oh yeah
I gave you my heart but you wanted my
mind, Oh yeah
Your love scared me to death, girl
Oh it's the chokin' kind
That's all it is.

You can kill a man with a bottle of poison
or a knife
I know you can
And hurt him more to take his pride
And run his life
Oh it's a shame girl
Whatever you want girl
I surely hope you find, oh yeah
I tell you that hat don't fit my head
Oh it's the chokin' kind.

It makes me wanna mmm mmm mmm
mmm
Oh yeah, oh listen to me
When you fall in love again girl
Take a tip from me oh yeah
If you don't like the peach don't bite the
tree
That's what you better do, honey
Find what you want girl
Keep it, treat it, sweet and kind oh yeah
Oh let it breathe, don't make it the chokin'
kind
Oh no, don't break your heart baby
Oh no, I know you love me really I do,
honey
I tell you your love scares me to death
girl
It's the chokin' kind
That's all it is
I got to say it again
It's that old chokin' kind.

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●TIME WAS

(As recorded by Canned Heat/Liberty)

ALAN WILSON
ROBERT HITE, JR.
HENRY VESTINE
LARRY TAYLOR
ADOLFO DE LAPARRO
Time was when we got along
Time was when we got along
It's too bad that the feeling's gone
Time was when we could agree
Time was when we could agree
That time's gone
Now that you find fault with me
I've got time
Things will work out fine
Trouble will not wreck my life
Trouble will not wreck my life
Someday you'll like what I'm putting down.
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New York, New York.

●BORN AGAIN

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/Atlantic)
DAVID PORTER
ISAAC HAYES

Oh hey, Dave, that sounds kinds groovy
You know you act like you feel it
You oughta see what I do when I do
this part
La la la la la
Ha ha ha I like that, dig this, okay.

Feel like a new man
With the whole world in my hand
Stop doing what I used to do
Spend all my time loving you
Oh baby feel like I'm born again.

I wouldn't run around town
Stay out all night time
But you kept on loving me
Believing one day I would see
Oh baby feels like I'm born again.

How does it feel, Dave
Feels good, yeah
How lucky must I be
I was blind as a bat
But now I see
You could have cheated on me if
you wanted to
But you stuck by me and stayed in
my corner
Singing a new song
I got a new walk
Your name pops up everytime I talk
Feel like a new man
With the whole world in my hand
Stop what I used to do
Spend all my time loving you
Oh baby feel like I'm born again.

Oh baby feel like I'm born again
I feel like a new man
So good to have somebody
I just wanna say I love you baby
I love you, I love you, etc.

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●BORN ON THE BAYOU

(As recorded by Creedence Clearwater
Revival/Fantasy)
JOHN FOGERTY

When I was just a little boy
Standin' to my daddy's knee
My papa said, son don't let the Man
get you
And do what he done to me
(Cause he'll get you).

I can still remember the 4th of July
Runnin' through the backwoods bare
And I can still hear my old hound
dog barkin'
Chasin' down a hoo-doo there
Born on the Bayou
Born on the Bayou
Born on the Bayou.

Wish I was back on the Bayou
Rollin' with some cajun queen
Wishin' I were a fast freight train
Just a-chooglin' on down to New
Orleans
Born on the Bayou
Born on the Bayou
Born on the Bayou.

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●BADGE

(As recorded by the Cream/Atco)
ERIC CLAPTON

'Thinkin' 'bout the times you drove in my
car
'Thinkin' that I might have drove you
too far
And I'm thinkin' 'bout the love that you
laid on my table.

I told you not to wander 'round in the
dark
I told you 'bout the swans that they live
in the park
Then I told you about a kid now he's
married to Mabel
Yes I told you that your love goes up
and down
Don't you notice how the wheel goes round
And you better pick yourself up from the
ground
Before they bring the curtain down
Yes before they bring the curtain down.

Talkin' 'bout a girl that looks quite like
you
She didn't have the time to wait oo oo oo
She cried away her life since she fell out
the cradle.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•IT'S ONLY LOVE

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas/Scepter)
STEVE TYRELL
MARK JAMES

I see the sunlight in her hair
I feel the warm smile that she wears
She has no recipe for love
And I just can't get enough
From the distance of my mind
The clock that's ringing says it's time
To wake up to my destiny
It's time to face reality.

It's only love that I feel inside
But I'll get by somehow
It's only love

I never woke up from my dream girl
I know there's something else for me
girl
I tell myself that it's not real
There's nothing left for me to feel
I'll just be going on my way
Tomorrow brings another day.

It's only love that I feel inside
But I've got to be strong
and keep my mind hangin' on
It's only love
But I know I'll get by
Take my heart and my pride
Just throw 'em aside.

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•THE TRACKS OF MY TEARS

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)
ROBINSON
MOORE
TARPLIN

People say I'm the life of the party
'Cause I tell a joke or two
Although I may be laughing loud and
hardy
Deep inside I'm blue.

Take a good look at my face
You'll see my smile looks out of place
If you look closer
It's easy to trace the tracks of my tears.

I need you, need you, need you
If you see me with another girl
Acting like I'm having fun
Although she may be cute, she's just a
substitute
Girl, you're the only one
(Repeat chorus).

Outside I'm masquerading, inside my hope
is fading
I'm just a clown since you put me down
My smile is my make-up
I wear since my breakup with you
(Repeat chorus).
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•IS IT SOMETHING YOU'VE GOT

(As recorded by Tyrone Davis/Dakar)

BARRY DISPENZA
CARL WOLFOLK

Oh when I first said I was leaving
Girl, I didn't think I would have to
stay gone so long
Ah but now five weeks have ended
And I just realized that I did you wrong
But just think y'all I thought I was
a big thing
But apparently she thought not
There must be something that I'm
missing
Or is it something that she's got
Oh baby what is that you got now baby.

Oh I thought I had your mind right
Cause this is what you led me to believe
Oh but now I'm the one who's uptight

And baby I'm the one who's got to
plead
But just think y'all I thought I was a
big thing
But apparently she thought not
There must be something that
I'm missing
Or is it something that she's got
All your sweet lovin' baby
Is oh so devastating to a man
Ah but just like black magic baby
I'm no fool but I couldn't understand
But just think y'all I thought I was a
big thing
But apparently she thought not
There must be something that I'm missing
Or is it something that she's got
Oh baby what is that you got now
It makes me wanna cry baby
Baby I love you •
Oh baby, oh baby, baby, baby.

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•DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME

(As recorded by Dusty Springfield/
Atlantic)
GERRY GOFFIN
CAROLE KING

Baby, I know you've got to go
I have no right to tell you not to go
The road just isn't there for us
There never was a prayer for us
You know how much I want you now
I'd only stay here
Give you tears to haunt you now
If another baby, sets you free to choose
again
Is your life to win or lose again
Hey just don't forget about me now baby
Beggin' you please, just don't forget about
me now baby
Today I cannot borrow
A minute of your tomorrow
Don't let it cause you sorrow
Baby please don't forget about me now
baby
Just don't forget about me

Ah someday our paths may cross again
Baby then we'll have the kind of love that
lasts again
But for now, I'm going to let you go
And ourselves we got to get to know
Hey now don't forget about me now baby
Oh please don't forget about me now baby
Today I cannot borrow
One minute of your tomorrow
Don't let it cause you sorrow
Hey baby don't forget about me now baby
Hey don't forget about me now baby.

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•TWENTY-FIVE MILES

(As recorded by Edwin Starr/Cordy)
EDWIN STARR
JOHNNY BRISTOL
HARVEY FUQUA

Hey, hey, uh huh huh huh huh oh
Uh huh huh huh huh huh yeah
It's twenty-five miles from home
Girl, my feet are hurting mighty bad
Now I've been walking a three days,
two lonely nights
You know that I'm mighty mad
But I got a woman waiting for me
That's gonna make this trip worth
while
You see she's got the kind of lovin'
and a kissing
A make a man go stone wild
So I got to keep on walkin'
I got to walk on, oh ho ho
I, I, I, I'm so tired
But I just can't lose my stride.
I got fifteen miles to go now
And I can hear my baby calling my
name

It's as if as though I'm standing at
her front door
I can hear that doggone plane
Now I'll be so glad to see my baby
and hold her in my arms
Now when I kiss her lips
I turn a back over flip and I'll forget
these feet of mine
I got to keep on walkin'
I got to walk on oh ho ho
I, I, I, I, I'm so tired but I just can't
lose my stride
Walk on let me tell you ya'll I, I, I, I,
I'm so tired
But I just can't lose my stride
Come on feet don't fail me now
I got ten more miles to go
I got nine, eight, seven, six, eight,
six
I got a five more miles to go
Now over the hill just around the bend
Huh although my feet are tired I can't
lose my stride
I got to get to my baby again.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE RIVER'S INVITATION

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)
PERCY MAYFIELD

I've been all across the country
And I've played in every town
Cause I'm trying to find my baby
But no one has seen him around
Now you know which way I'm headed
If my baby can't be found.

I spoke to the river
And the river spoke back to me
And it said, "you look so lonely
You look full of misery
And if you can't find your baby
Come and make your home with me."

I don't want to leave him
Because I know he's still alive
And some day I'm gonna find him
Then I'll take him for a ride
Then we'll live our life forever
In a home among the tide.

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•DIDN'T YOU KNOW (You'd Have To Cry Some- time)

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The
Pips/Soul)
NICHOLAS ASHFORD
VALERIE SIMPSON

Remember when you left
Yeah you had your own rules about
playing the game
And anyway you could walk away
Feeling no pain
Now look at yourself
Yeah, you're all hung up on somebody
else.

And in your eyes I see all the signs
of the misery
That you laid on me baby
Baby didn't you know you'd have to
cry sometime
Oh didn't you know, didn't you know
You'd have to hurt sometime.

Didn't you know, you'd have to lose
your pride
Didn't anybody tell you love had
another side
Oh you used to be so proud
Now your head's a little lower and you
walk a little slower and you don't
talk so loud

•MEMORIES

(As recorded by Elvis Presley/RCA
Victor)

BILLY STRANGE
SCOTT DAVIS

Memories, pressed between the pages
of my mind
Memories, sweetened through the ages
just like wine
Quiet thoughts come floating down and
settle softly to the ground
Like gold of autumn leaves around my
feet.

I touched them and they burst apart
with sweet memories
Sweet memories, of holding hands and
red bouquets and twilight trimmed in
purple haze
And laughing eyes and simple ways
And quiet nights and gentle days with
you.

Memories, pressed between the pages of
my mind
Memories, sweetened through the ages
just like wine
Memories, memories.

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Now you've gotten wise
Yeah, you know how love can build
you up one moment and the next cut
you down to size
And then you discover all she told
you was a bunch of lies
Didn't you know you'd have to cry
sometime
Oh baby, didn't you know, didn't you
know you'd have to hurt sometime
Didn't you know you'd have to lose
your pride
Didn't anybody tell you love had
another side
Oh, oh, oh.

Now you come to me yeah you hurt
so bad
You wanna feel the security of the love
you once had
Oh but I can't open doors and my
arms can't ever take the place of hers
Cause no other arms could ever take
the place of yours
What can I tell you baby
Didn't you know you'd have to cry
sometime
Oh didn't you know
Didn't you know you'd have to cry
sometime
Oh didn't you know.

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•MENDOCINO

(As recorded by Sir Douglas Quintet/
Smash)

DOUGLAS SAHM

Teenybopper, my teenage lover
I caught your waves last night
It set my mind a wondrin'
You're such a groove, please don't move
Please stay in my love house by the
river.

Fast talkin' guys with strange red eyes
have put things in your head
And set your mind a wondrin'
I love you so, please don't go
Please stay here with me in Mendocino.
Mendocino, Mendocino
Where life's such a groove
You blow your mind in the morning
We used to walk through the park
Make love along the way in Mendocino.

Like I told you can you dig it?
If you want to groove
I'll be glad to have you
I love you so, please don't go
Please stay here with me in Mendocino.

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•I'LL TRY SOMETHING NEW

(As recorded by Diana Ross & The
Supremes & The Temptations/
Motown)

WILLIAM ROBINSON

I will build you a castle with a tower so
high
Till it reaches the moon
I'll gather melodies from birdies that fly
And compose you a tune
Give you lovin' warm as mama's oven and
if that don't do
Then I'll try something new.

I will take you away with me as far as I
can
To Venus or Mars
There we will love with your hand in my
hand
You'll be king of the stars
Everyday we can play on the Milky Way
And if that don't do I'll have to try some-
thing new

I will bring you a flower from the floor of
the sea to wear in your hair
I'll do anything and every little thing to
make you happy boy to show you that I
care
I'll pretend I'm jealous of all the fellows and
Then I'll try something new.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE LETTER

(As recorded by the Arbors/Date)
WAYNE THOMPSON

Give me a ticket for an airplane
Ain't got time to take the fastest train
Lonely days are gone
I'm a-goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter
I don't care how much money I got to spend
Got to get back to my baby again
Lonely days are gone
I'm goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter.

Well she wrote me a letter
Said she couldn't live without me
no more
Listen Mister, can't you see I got to get
back to my baby once more.

Anyway give me a ticket for an airplane
Ain't got time to take the fastest train
Lonely days are gone
I'm a - goin' home
My baby just wrote me a letter.

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•BROTHER LOVE'S TRAVELING SALVATION SHOW

(As recorded by Neil Diamond/Uni)
NEIL DIAMOND

Hot August night
And the leaves coming down
And the grass on the ground smellin' sweet
Move up the road to the outside of town
And the sound of that good gospel beat
Sits a ragged tent where there ain't no trees
And the gospel group tellin' you and me
It's love brother, love say brother love's
traveling salvation show
Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies
And everyone goes cause everyone knows
Brother love's show.
Room gets suddenly still and when you'd almost bet
You could hear yourself sweat, he walks in
Eyes black as coal and when he lifts his face
Every ear in the place, it's on him
Starting soft and slow like a small earthquake
And when he lets go half the valley shakes
It's love brother, love say brother love's
traveling salvation show
Pack up the babies and grab the old ladies
And everyone goes cause everyone knows
Brother love's show.
Hal-e hal le lu jah Hal-e hal le lu jah
Take my hand in yours
Walk with me this day
Give my heart sweet warmth
I will never stray Everyone goes.

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•DON'T GIVE IN TO HIM

(As recorded by the Union Gap/
Columbia)

GARY USHER

It starts out with a kiss
Even though you're only friends
Now there's nothing wrong with this
But this is where his act begins
He'll hold you and tell you
That's what love is for
Oh but don't give in to him
No, no don't give in to him

Cause he will only ask for more.

You don't want to lose him
So you let him have his way
You don't dare refuse him
You know the price you'll pay
He's braggin' that he's never lost before
So don't give in to him
No, no don't give in to him
Cause I'm the one who loves you more.

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•IDAHO

(As recorded by the Four Seasons/
Philips)

ROBERT GAUDIO
JAKE HOLMES

Idaho where I long to go
Thrillin' checker games, spelling bee,
cherry tree
Idaho, lovely Idaho
Daises on the grass
Grandma's stew and cows and you
Idaho, lovely Idaho
Playing pickup sticks
Santa Claus, apple sauce
Idaho, rain or sleet or snow
You'll be in my heart
I love you so
Just thought you'd like to know my Idaho.

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•I LIKE WHAT YOU'RE DOING

(As recorded by Carla Thomas/Stax)

BETTY CRUTCHER
HOMER BANKS
RAYMOND JACKSON

Baby I like what you're doing to me
I'm all messed up now
Baby I like what you're doing to me
Your mama calls you no good
And like most other men I see
You can't be true
It ain't in you and it's no secret to me
But when you hold me in your arms
You're like ten good men ridin' in one
Baby I like what you're doing to me.

Baby I like what you're doing to me
You make me feel all right now
La la la la la la
I like what you're doing to me.

You're just like your old daddy
They say he didn't treat your mama right
I'm not condemning you for what you do
The truth shall give the light
You're like Jeckle and Mr. Hyde
But oh how you keep me satisfied
Baby I like what you're doing to me.

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•GIMME, GIMME GOOD LOVIN'

(As recorded by Crazy Elephant/Bell)
JOEY LEVINE
RICHIE CORDELL

From Atlanta Georgia to the Gulf Stream water
To California I'm gonna spend my life
both night and day
Say gimme, gimme good lovin' every night

Hey you know it's alright child
Gimme, gimme good lovin' make it alright
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
To the girls in Frisco to the girls in New York
To the girls in Texican you gotta understand
That baby I'm your man
I say gimme, gimme good lovin' every night
Yeh you know it's alright now
Gimme, gimme good lovin' make it alright
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

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•MERCY

(As recorded by the Ohio Express/
Buddah)

STEVEN J. FELDMAN
JOEY LEVINE

I love you, mercy, mercy
Oh you know you're such a beautiful thing
You're laying kisses on me girl
And you know all the pleasure it brings
ah ahah ah
You're spending all my money and you're making me crawl up the wall
Ah, mercy, mercy you're doing me without any mercy at all
And I'm calling you,
Have mercy, mercy, have mercy on me
Have mercy, mercy, mercy on me.

A man's supposed to be stronger and is used to getting his way
Ah but mercy girl you got my number and I'll do anything that you say
But stop playing with me
Have mercy, mercy, have mercy on me
Have mercy, mercy, mercy on me.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• SWEET CHERRY WINE

(As recorded by Tommy James & The Shondells/Roulette)

TOMMY JAMES
RICHIE GRASSO

Come on everyone we gotta get together now
Oh yeah, love's the only thing that matters anyhow
And the beauty of life can only survive
If we love one another
Oh yeah yesterday my friends were marching out to war
Oh yeah listen now we ain't a-marching anymore
No we ain't gonna fight

Only God has the right
To decide who's to live and die
He gave us sweet cherry wine
So very fine
Drink it right down, pass it all around
So stimulating, so intoxicating
Sweet cherry wine
To open your mind
And everybody's gonna feel so fine
Drinking sweet cherry wine
Yes they will.

Watch the mountain turn
To dust and glow away
Oh Lord you know there's got to be a better way
And the old masquerade is a no soul parade
Marchin' through the ruins of time
To save us He gave us sweet cherry wine.

Sweet cherry wine, so very fine
Drink it right down
Pass it all around
So stimulating, so intoxicating
Sweet cherry wine
Everybody's gonna feel so fine
Drinking sweet cherry wine
Oh sweet cherry wine
So very fine
Drink it right down
Pass it all around
So stimulating, so intoxicating
Sweet cherry wine

Drink it with your brother
Trust in one another, yeah, yeah
He gave us sweet cherry wine
Sweet cherry wine
Drink it right down
Pass it all around
People don't you know the cup is running over
Sweet cherry wine.

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• THE WAY IT USED TO BE

used to be.

(As recorded by Engelbert Humperdinck/Decca)

ROGER COOK
ROGER GREENAWAY
FRANCO CASSANO
CORRADO CONTI

Lonely table just for one
In a bright and crowded room
While the music has begun
I drink to memories in the gloom.
Though the music's still the same
It has a bitter sweet refrain

So play the song the way it used to be
Before she left and changed it all to sadness

And maybe if she's passing by the window she would hear
Our love song and the melody
And even if the words are not so tender
She will always remember the way it

Friends stop by and say hello
Then I laugh and hide the pain
It's quite easy till they go
Then the song begins again
So play the song the way it used to be
Before she left and changed it all to sadness
And maybe if she's passing by the window she would hear
Our love song and the melody
And even if the words are not so tender
She will always remember the way it used to be.

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• GOODBYE COLUMBUS

(From the Paramount Picture, "Goodbye Columbus")

(As recorded by The Association/Warner Bros./7 Arts)
JAMES YESTER

Got to say, "Hello"
It's a lucky day
Kiss the moon goodbye
And be on our way
It's a lucky day
'Cause I found you
Gonna build a new world around you
Touch the sun and run
It's a lucky day

Hello life, goodbye Columbus
I got a feelin' that you're gonna hear from us
You're gonna know that we've taken the world by surprise
Got that look in our eyes
It's a lucky day
Just for changin', leavin' the old world behind
Lucky day for walkin' the new road
Just to clear your mind
It's a day for startin' a new way
Tellin' the old one goodbye
Lucky day for gettin' above it
Spread your wings and fly

Hello, life, goodbye Columbus
I got a feelin' that you're gonna hear from us
You're gonna know that we've taken the world by surprise
Got that look in our eyes
It's a lucky day
Goodbye Columbus
I got a feelin' that you're gonna hear from us.

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• ROCK ME

(As recorded by Steppenwolf/Dunhill)
JOHN KAY

She asked me maybe
I would share her sorrow
About the men that tried to treat her wrong

Though just a baby
A-waiting her tomorrow
It's rock me baby, rock me baby
all night long

She needs an answer to her confusion
Someone to guide her with tenderness
But if she's asking for a solution
All that she gets
You know it's something like this

Don't know where we come from
Don't know where we're going to
But if all of this should have a reason
We would be the last to know

So let's just hope there is a promised land
Hang on till then as best you can
Everybody's ills you know it

Fills her with compassion
That's why she tries
To save the world alone

She helps the needy in her own fashion.
And tries to give them all her own
Rock me baby, rock me baby all night long.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

A two-sided blight—no, that's too hard—a two-sided *mis-*take, let's say, is Donovan's silly "Atlantis" backed by his equally silly "To Susan Waiting on the West Coast"The former a ponderously solemn recitative eulogy dedicated to "Holy Atlantis".....The whole premise of this song can be questioned on any grounds, equally from the stand-point of non-believer ('Hogwash...') or believer ('If Atlantis had been Holy, it wouldn't have fallen....') Yes; if there is a lesson to be learned from Atlantis, this is certainly not it.....And the other side is an apparent bid to jump on the current bandwagon to glorify "the common foot soldier" who, after all, is Only a Pawn in Their Game, right? Bob Dylan said this six years ago, when he also wrote "Masters of War." But lately, Dylan's outlook has tended more to emphasize each person's responsibility for his own fate ("I Am a Lonesome Hobo" and "I Shall Be Released" are superb examples), anyway.....since the Rolling Stones decided to be ultra-daring and shock (shuck?) all their radical admirers by writing "Salt of the Earth," that poor, exploited G.I. has again become suitable fodder for (moderately) anti-Establishment poets like Donovan. My own opinion is...well, never mind, I'm not here to give political opinions...and neither is Donovan; and I think that in a purely musical sense, he fares better when he sticks to his own natural, instinctive warmth and compassion and avoids the trendy and the sensational. Donovan doesn't know anything about politics, but he knows an awful lot about starfish and seaweed and little pebbles and sand; and people, too, when he writes simple, touching, specific personal observations like "Jennifer Juniper" and "Lalena". That is when I like him best; I hope Donovan does not allow himself to be browbeaten by what a favorite journalist of mine once referred to as a "palpitating hippie-oriented press" into thinking that it is necessary or even desirable for him to try to be anything but Donovan, or do anything but Donovan's thing.. As Bob Dylan says, ".....each of us has his own special gift, and you know this was meant to be true..."

One who does is a girl called Melanie, a new young singer-writer who has an album on Buddha Records, mostly of her original compositions....They say opera stars, like Evelyn Lear and Anna Moffo and people like that, are often excellent actresses too, but very few of the beautiful voices in rock or folk music can dramatize convincingly. Buffy Sainte-Marie is an exception; Melanie is a big exception. Her song "BoBo's Party" is a genuine vocal tour de force—it manages to convey the near-mania of a drunken, hysterical, frightened girl trapped at a dangerous party—most all of us have found ourselves at this kind of *orgiastic brawl* at least once or twice in our lives—while at the same time she barely keeps a grasp on the stuttery musical thread of the song—which sounds a bit like Bobbie Gentry starting out in the Okolona River Bottom Insane Asylum. Melanie has created here a piece of drama authentic enough and well-structured

enough to support her emotion. Like Buffy Sainte-Marie, she more than makes up in emotional range and subtlety what she lacks in natural vocal equipment. Don't be put off by advertisements billing her as "another Joan Baez" or something; she could hardly be farther from Joan Baez.

Joan's album *Any Day Now* is not totally without merit; it's just that Joan Baez does not comprehend the idea of IMPROVISATION. She can't play with a song the way Judy Collins can. Occasionally Judy fails ("First Boy That I Loved"), but always nobly, ambitiously, even daringly. Baez may be a radical in politics, but musically she is timid and conservative. Half the songs on Joan's collection of Bob Dylan's music sound completely dragged, especially the better-known and more recent ones. But on some of the older songs—"Boots of Spanish Leather," "One Too Many Mornings," "The Walls of Redwing," "Walkin' Down the Line" and "Restless Farewell"—she is just fine, excellent, pure, brave, and even unaffected.



This indicates to me that Joan needs to live with a song a long, long time before she can sing it freely and comfortably—or maybe just that she is happier when closer to traditional European-derived folk material—Dylan's earlier stuff borrowed heavily from old folk songs....another thing this album indicates is Joan's insecurity about choosing songs; she has no taste and is, perhaps, beginning to realize it; whereas Judy Collins has about a 90% accuracy in picking new songs by unknown composers which are wonderful for her and musically as good as, or better than anything by Dylan—"Hello, Hooray" and "Who Knows Where the Time Goes," to mention two from the new album; and, of course, Judy's own tenderly mystic evocations of other-where. Joan Baez wrote a whole book about. . . HERSELF . . . and Judy Collins wrote a song, "Albatross" . . .

I would not like to hear another version of "The Weight," or else I'm afraid it will become spoiled; for some unaccountable reason, that innocuous little song was seized upon by every phony art rock group in creation to be baked, boiled, fried, poached, distended, squeezed, screwed, and scrambled; and still, still the only listenable version of it remains the original by Donovan. In the case of "The Weight," though, Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield have produced an instrumental version on their second album that totally captures the fatalistic, lugubrious comedy of The Band's Big Pink original, and maybe even improve on it somewhat; Kooper's organ, especially, explores and opens the song with incredibly perceptive finesse. □

The Story Of **THE**



CHAMBERS BROTHERS

"It began with a wailing harp. Then came the vocals, 'You can run, but you sure can't hide,' followed by more of that wailing harp. The bass guitar began moving things along. The harp took off and flew. The whole group moves into a big, solid, shaking beat. They slowly floated back to earth, but the beat was still there, and over it soared the harp, now lyrical and gentle. Then a finale of overpowering, crashing sound...." Thus, one critic, caught up in the spell of the Chambers Brothers, described their appearance at Club 47 in Boston.

The Brothers — Willie, George, Lester and Joe Chambers, and Brian Keenan — have been creating electric earth tremors in clubs, colleges and concert halls throughout the country. Their explosive blend of gospel, rock and blues has made them among the West Coast's most popular groups. Their Columbia singles, "Time Has Come Today" and "I Can't Turn You Loose," have soared high on the national best-seller charts, thus attesting to The Brothers' strong cross-country popularity. "The Time Has Come," their debut Columbia album, awarded a Gold Record, signifying sales in excess of one million dollars as certified by the Record Industry Association of America. Their much awaited second album, "A New Time—A New Day," continues to spread The Brothers' gospel throughout the country.

The group writes much of its own material, like the exciting "Do Your Thing" and the powerful "A New Time—A New Day," which are featured in The Brothers' second album. Their debut Columbia album featured such original compositions as the driving "I Can't Stand It" and the compelling "So Tired." In addition to their own material, The Chambers Brothers' repertoire is made up of blues standards and popular numbers, which they interpret with vitality and originality.

The talents of The Chambers Brothers have won them a large and diversified audience. They have performed for overflowing crowds at the Fillmore in San Francisco, the Shrine in Los Angeles, the Electric Circus, Apollo Theater and the Scene in New York, and literally every major club and discotheque across the country. In demand by college and university students, they have played to SRO audiences at Yale, Harvard and Brandeis Universities.

They appeared on "Showcase 68," a network television program which features the best of

today's pop performers. The Chambers Brothers were invited back for a return engagement and a chance to win the "Showcase '68" award for the most exciting professional performers of the year.

The Chambers Brothers demonstrated their own musical versatility—and the timelessness of music as a form of expression—by performing with the New York Pro Musica at the Electric Circus. The program featured the Mississippi-born Brothers interpreting a section of the 14th-century French chanson "Le Grand Desir," while the Pro Musica ensemble sang the same section in its original, formal style.

The Chambers Brothers—with the exception of New York-born Brian Keenan, whom they met in New York where he was playing at Ondine, and whom they subsequently hired as their drummer—made their debut in Lee County's Mount Calvary Baptist Church, where they sang spirituals. George, the eldest of the four, was then seventeen; Willie was eleven; Lester, nine; and Joe, seven. Soon afterwards, the entire Chambers family moved to Los Angeles, and the boys, between odd jobs and school, found time to sing in church groups. Joe recalls their biggest professional break, which occurred when he met Ed Pearl, owner of the Ash Grove. "We began talking, and naturally, we talked about The Brothers. Then he said we should come out and sing for him. That was the first time we ever sang in a club, and we liked it. After that, we took jobs in other clubs."

By this time, popular music had begun to assimilate folk, gospel and blues influences successfully, and it was not long before The Brothers' repertoire reflected this trend. "I had to retire my gut-bucket bass for a Fender electric," George recalls with a smile, "and that was the beginning of The Chambers Brothers as you hear us today."

The real voice of The Chambers Brothers is heard in their music. It speaks for them with intensity and joy. This same vitality is evident in each Brother's own autobiographical sketch.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERS

I was born in a little town in Mississippi called Flora. There I lived until I was about five years old, I'm told. Then my family moved to another part of Mississippi, where I was introduced to the farm. From that time until

I became twenty-one, farming was my only occupation. It was a groove then, because I knew nothing else.

For a change of pace, I went hunting and fishing. Being the oldest boy, I had a lot more to do to help provide for the others, so schooling was by necessity short. But the waking hours were long, from sun up to sun down. I suppose every farmer finds something to make the time go faster, or seem to. I chose singing to ease the hard strain. Singing turned out to be my profession.

Then I was drafted into the armed services, and some fellows and myself decided to start a singing group called The Soldiers. After my time was up, I came back home but was unable to stay because farming was no longer a groove. I went to Los Angeles and started to work. I lost a few jobs because I sang too loud. Soon the rest of my family moved to L. A. My three younger brothers were growing up, and we began to sing together. Every Sunday we would go to church and sing, and then we decided to use our family name as the name of the group. We went to churches and sang gospel songs.

In 1961, we all quit our jobs and went professional. We were still gospel singers and played coffeehouses and small clubs. We went on like this for two-and-a-half years. Then we decided to do some pop songs and blues. I turned in my gut-bucket and got a Fender electric. We were all too busy playing different instruments to do hand claps, so we had to get a drummer. We tried out a few, and then we met Brian. As far as we're concerned, he's the best around.

We hope that with the help of God, and a little inspiration from the big people who can make you or break you, we will continue together for a long, long time.

BRIAN KEENAN

I was born in Manhattan, but raised in small towns in Ireland and England. I went to school in England. I've loved music ever since I can remember. I used to go to school dances, not to dance, but to watch the band play. I left England when I was eleven and moved to the Bronx. It was there that I went to school, doing the things that kids do. I had a paper route on the side, but when I wasn't busy with school or the paper, I observed the Puerto Ricans playing the bongos on the



corners. Unfortunately, this was going on on the same corners as my paper route, and I never got the papers delivered.

I left the Bronx at the age of fifteen and went back to England, where I went to a commercial school. By now, I also possessed a set of drums and was playing at as many charity benefits as I could. At seventeen, I had the urge to go to the big city, London. I lived there two-and-a-half years. It was there that I did a great deal of growing up and learning about life. Before I knew it, I was back in New York. I gigged, studied and got married. I was playing in Ondine in New York when I met The Chambers Brothers. They liked me, and I liked them and have been with them ever since.

WILLIE CHAMBERS

I was born in a small town in Mississippi. A short time after I was born, my family moved to another small town in Mississippi. We left my three older brothers and one sister (they were married) behind. One of my older brothers, Major, played the best guitar around. I can remember when he used to ride on a mule from one town to another, playing and singing as he rode along. I used to long for the day or night that he would visit us and bring his guitar. We would all sit around the fireplace and sing all sorts of songs. When the singing was over, we would tell jokes and eat peanuts. I didn't have a great desire to play the guitar at that time.

I guess that I was so busy being mischievous that I didn't have the time to think about it.

Then when I was four years old, I spent the weekend with my grandmother. I remember it was early in the morning, and Grandma was doing the washing, and I was busy getting into trouble. I had already gotten three spankings, and I was running out of things to do. It was then that I thought about playing with Major's guitar. Grandma kept the guitar locked up in a trunk to which only she had the key. This was to keep it from getting broken by the younger children who were running around.

Well, I asked Grandma if I could play the guitar. It was one of the greatest days of my life. When I opened up my mouth and the words came out, Grandma just sort of looked at me and didn't say a word. After looking at me for awhile, she walked towards the trunk, opened it up and took out the guitar. She looked at it for a second, and then she looked at me and told me to sit down. So I sat down in the middle of the floor. I stared at it in disbelief. It was all shining and pretty. I sat there waiting; then she put the guitar across my lap. I sort of plucked at the strings vigorously but gently. Suddenly, Grandma smiled and came over to where I was sitting and said, "You can play that thing, boy."

Grandma seemed just as excited as I was. Later on when friends would come by, she would tell them that I could play the guitar. Then I would play for them, and they would give me a dime or a quarter. I was digging

the whole thing. And that's how I started playing the guitar.

LESTER CHAMBERS

I was born in Mississippi. It seems to me that ever since I was big enough to remember, I liked music. It must have been when I was about seven that I really started to think about it. Music is my passion. I always wanted to play the harmonica, but it was not until I met Sonny Terry that I had the chance to learn. He was so pleased with me that he agreed to teach me.

He was the greatest inspiration that I could have had. He gave me a harmonica and told me that the next time he saw me, he expected to hear my play. For about two weeks, I stayed in my room and did nothing but practice. One day during this process, it came to me (playing the harmonica). It seemed that the day would never come when he would come to hear me play, but that day has come and gone, and the results are what you hear today.

Aside from music, I like to go deep-sea fishing, hunting and hiking. Some day I hope to have a big ranch close to the sea so I can really be alone with the things I love—but it's always music and my brothers. I don't think anything can or will come between us.

JOE CHAMBERS

I, Joseph Lamar Chambers, youngest of my mother's sons, was born in my grandmother's house in Scott County, Mississippi.

We lived in many different counties in Mississippi until I was eight years old. Then we moved to Dolittle, which is in Lee County near the city of Carthage, where there was very little to do. As I was the youngest boy, there was even less to do. So I went to school—when there was school—as all of us did.

Although we were busy with our share of the farm work, there was always singing and music around the house. Our brother Major played the guitar, and Willie played the guitar, and all of us who picked up the guitar could play at least one chord. Willie, Lester and I sang gospel in church concerts with two of our cousins. George sang in the senior group.

When we moved to Los Angeles, we went on singing in churches there. One day I met Ed Pearl, who owned a coffeehouse called the Ash Grove. We began talking, and naturally, we talked about The Brothers. Then he said we should come out and sing for him. That was the first time we ever sang in a club, and we liked it. After that, we took jobs in other clubs.

By this time—some four years ago—I was becoming more and more interested in the guitar, and Lester and George were getting their things together. We put them all together and spent some time in dance clubs and doing concerts. All this brings us up to The Chambers Brothers today. □



INSECT TRUST

Preserves The Past

With records becoming "golden oldies" three months after they're released, many musicians and knowledgeable fans fear that the roots of today's music will be lost. The Insect Trust, a new group on Capitol Records is actively involved in preserving at least part of the traditional past.

Several years ago the founder of the group, Bill Barth, set up the Memphis Country Blues Society which is dedicated to the restoration and perpetuation of that particular genre. Once a year, for the past three years, the Society has held a blues festival in Memphis where they present old classic blues artists

to a continually growing public.

Barth's interest in blues, along with an interest on the part of Nancy Jefferies and Bob Palmer, who joined Bill in the early days, has led to the formation of his own group, the Insect Trust. The Trust itself is called by manager-producer Steve Duboff: "The world's



first Country-jazz-folk-blues-rock-swing band." They are strongly involved with their own music as well as the preservation of the past. Bob Palmer puts it this way: "It is the group's perspective on a musical tradition rather than any attempt to recreate music of the past, that gives the Insect Trust its sound."

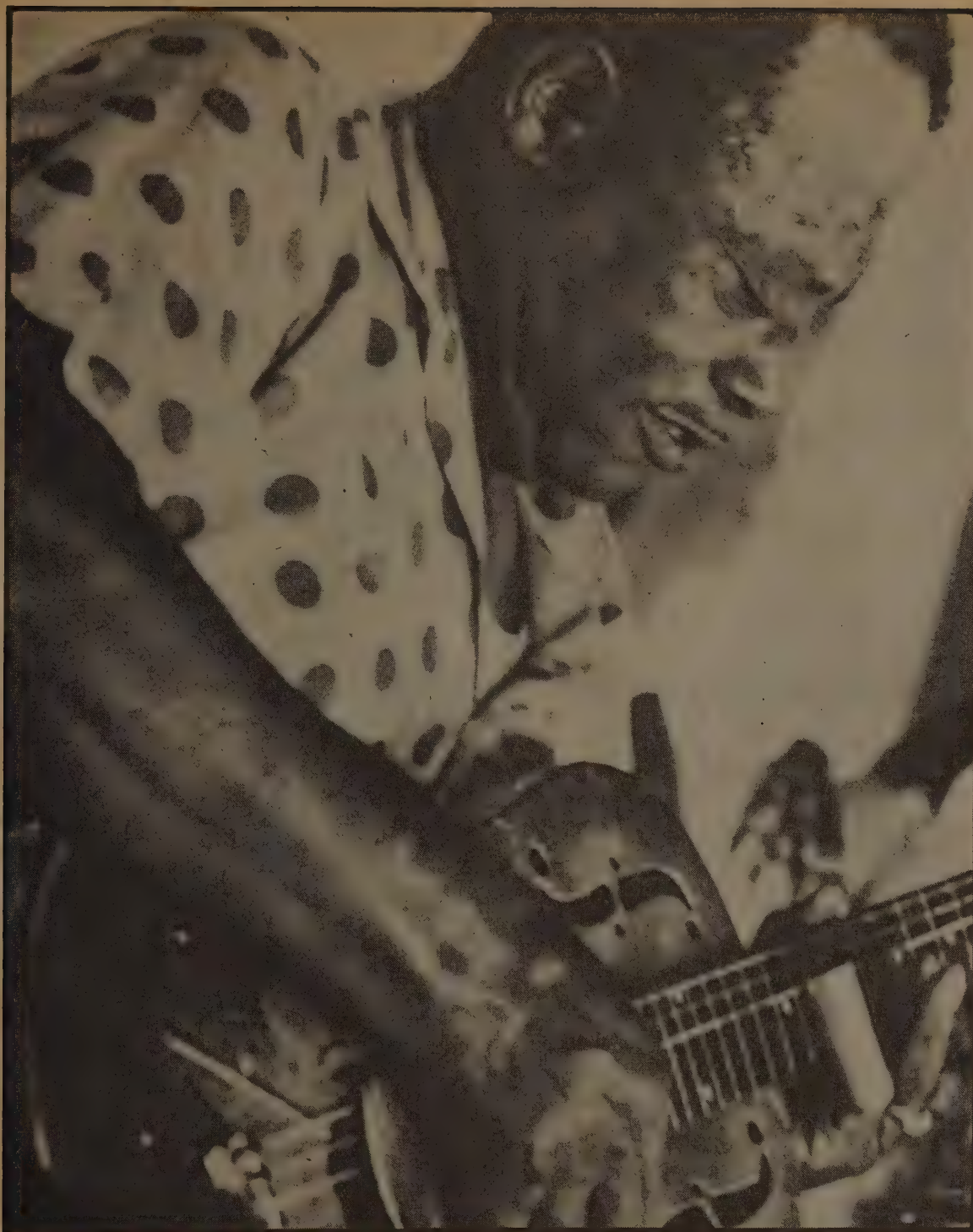
Barth first became interested in the blues through early reissues of 1920's blues records, which were known as race records when they were recorded. In California he met John Fahey (who

now records for Vanguard) and Henry Vestine (who is now lead guitarist for the Canned Heat). The three headed for the South in search of several blues artists who were still alive but hadn't recorded since the 1930's. This of course was long before the present revival of interest in the blues.

Among the people they found were Bukka White (of "Fixin' To Die" and "Shake 'Em Down" fame), Skip James (Barth later became his manager) and Rev. Robert Wilkins (one of whose songs has just been recorded by the Rolling

Stones). Vestine and Fahey returned to California but Barth decided to stay and continue his research.

It was this trip that led to the formation of the Memphis Country Blues Society by Barth. In 1966, Barth, with the help of several other blues enthusiasts, organized their first blues festival in Memphis. It featured bluesmen from Memphis and the Mississippi Delta, as well as jazz and R & B groups. Similar festivals were held in 1967 and 1968, the last being recorded by Mike Vernon



(British producer of such groups as John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers and Ten Years After). Vernon is expected to release an album from the tapes he made on his Blue Horizon label in England and it will be released by Sire Records here in the States.

As a result of the second Festival the nucleus of the present Insect Trust was formed with Bill Barth, Nancy Jefferies and Bob Palmer. The group has now expanded to eight members with Warren Gardner, Trevor Koehler, Luke Faust, Buddy Nealy, and Bill Folwell,

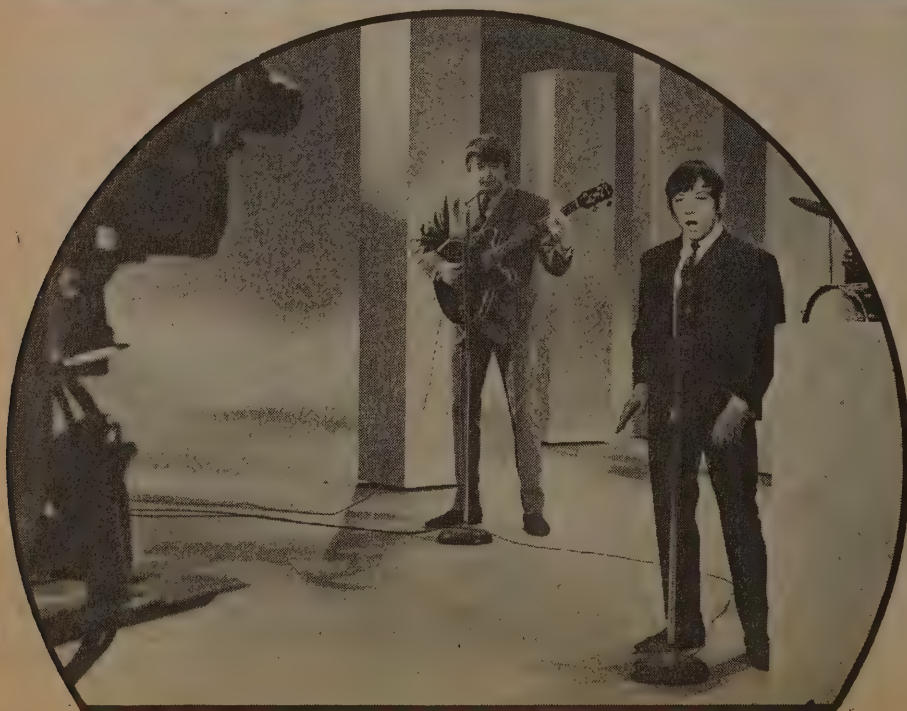
having joined The Insect Trust either in Memphis or New York.

The Trust has released their first album on Capitol Records and a single entitled, "Special Rider Blues." They are also planning a series of college concerts and would like at that time to have blues artists from the Festivals on the bill with them. Also in the planning stages is a packaged tour of original bluesmen to play all across the country.

Bill Barth says of the group and the work it is doing: "Though each member

of the group has his own particular musical center, the common perspective, on a tradition extending back 50 or 100 years, results in a music that has a traditional slant developed through some modern playing styles, a music that sometimes sounds vaguely archaic, but never rooted in one particular period or style. Through the work of The Insect Trust and The Memphis Country Blues Society, which are one and the same, we hope to contribute something new to music and still preserve a piece of the past." □

THE OLD ANIMALS



They were greats, and they were Eric Burdon (vocals), Alan Price (organ), Hilton Valentine (guitar), John Steel (drums), and Chas Chandler (bass). Just before Christmas, in their home town of Newcastle, they banded together for a re-union charity performance augmented by "sixth" Animal Zoot Money, who literally pulled out all the stops in the vast City Hall Church organ, which dominated the stage, and left an enthusiastic mob of Geordies on stage doing a knees-up to "Talk About You!"

They were also augmented by ex-"new" - Animal Barry Jenkins on drums and their two most devoted fans "The Beast" (colleague Richard Green - now the truth can be revealed) on his head and myself on cymbals.

They were my group and your group. They were at one time the undisputed third most popular group in the world. In Geordie terms they were, in two words - "Great Mon!"

It was just like old times -- a punch-up (Mr. Burdon inadvertently got a security man's knee in his mouth), a drink-up (in the ever-open Imperial Hotel and at a party later in the Whitley Bay Sands Club), and a loon-up on stage.

My misspent youth flashed before my eyes as they thrashed through the golden oldies like "House Of The Rising Sun," "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," "I'm Cryin'," "Boom Boom," "Shout" and "Bring It On Home To Me."

No, of course, it was not musically progressive -- no, of course, it did not go off without mikes going dead, organs packing up and lyrics being forgotten.

But they were a part of us and we were a part of them. Burdon bounced and sent himself up. Pricey gagged on the Hammond. Hilton smiled his little boy smile. Chas swayed and brayed and was a tower of strength. Johnny flicked his drums and led his life better than most.

There was a certain amount of bad feeling going up on the train when Barry Jenkins took the "boot" and another ex-"new"-Animal kept falling asleep and knocking over the Community Chest.

But it all ended happily when I won with hotels on Euston, the Angel, Islington and Pentonville. We shall overcome. Monopoly is a good game for the capitalist.

The afternoon rehearsal was a shambles with the honorary promoter, a certain Tappy Wright winning the outright title of Miss Organization 1968.

But we love him because he was a part of all those yesterdays and his father once wore my new suede boots down the mines.

It was Chas who sorted them all out, of course, as usual in his inimitable diplomatic manner, as Eric blamed Alan for being late, and Alan blamed Eric for being a hippy, and both know damn well that they have been through too much together to come out of it with malice.

"Now, what we want is a leader," explained Chas reasonably. "Someone who is going to make the decisions tonight. Someone elected to stop all this bickering -- that's me!"

Chas has the championship title of the World's Most Stubborn Man -- he also has a heart like a lion and a physique like an ox which is why he is loved and usually wears down his opponents.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel Mr. Terry McVay, who is another Geordie road-manager and Animals' stalwart, was regaling us with some of the tales from the good old days:

"....then someone grabbed hold of Alan and tried to break his arm. He'd just been to the States and bought a pair of novelty 'gun' cuff links which fired a small, ineffective charge -- it went off and this thug went down clutching his scorched shirt and swearing he had been shot.

"....then little fatty Burdon jumped up in the air to try and hit this huge Polish guy and Henry Henriod moved







in and floored five of 'em — and got Eric out.

"The last we saw was Henry galloping down the main street with Eric on his back... then Big Phil pulled the sink off the wall and floored six of these Swedes as I went down."

We missed Leapy Lee by a few minutes — lucky for him or us — as he was appearing in a club down the road and all made for the City Hall, the Grapefruit, the Paul Williams Set and Kim Davis who sang "Getting Mighty Crowded" and "Up Tight," on the show and was very good.

Backstage Eric explained why he was giving up the pop business for the film world over a pint of old-fashioned bitter.

"I'm musically frustrated," he said. "I can't get my music to keep up with my mind — I've got an idea for a psychedelic racial western and I'm going to direct it and star in it.

"Then I've had another offer to star in a film with Richard Widmark. I've given enough of myself on stage. I'll probably still make records but not with the Animals — they are over.

"Johnny Weider and Barry are forming a group with some members of an American group called the Grass Roots. They are going to call their group the Bicycle and get it off the ground in Los Angeles.

"Vic Briggs and Danny McCullough have made an album together called 'Mr. Moon and Mr. Sun' and Zoot Money has made another big band single like 'Big Time Operator', but better. They'll all make out."

But those are the new Animals — what of the originals. Alan is managing the Paul Williams Set and working on film and TV jingle scores before deciding when and what to record again himself.

John Steel has a pretty wife and a

steady job and a nice house and peace of mind. He still plays with a local Newcastle group.

Hilton Valentine is listening to Donovan (which is no bad thing) and getting a new group together for the New Year and Chas is counting his money from the Jimi Hendrix Experience management and having his wife's baby.

Long John Baldry arrived late for the show — in the second half — his bike broke down on the highway but won the audience over with some gospel material and folk numbers to his own acoustic guitar.

Emperor Rosko compared better than I have seen any DJ by avoiding banal or dirty jokes and just happily prattling to the audience.

The Beast won at Monopoly on the return journey but into every life a little rain. □ keith altham & richard green



THE FIRST EDITION *Has Roots*

The First Edition is a rare find — a beautifully bound group whose music goes straight to the heart and mind of today. The roots of the group's music goes back to the rich fields of folk music, blues, jazz, hard rock, country and the classics, but the catalyst that creates their new sound is found in the individual talents of the group.

Mike Settle, rhythm guitarist, has the look and the soul of a gypsy. When he opens his mouth music pours out in a lusty, earthy torrent, and music pours from his pen in the same unquenchable flow. Mike has written much of the music performed by the First Edition, from the pristine beauty of "If Wishes Were Horses," to the chilling "A Church Without A Name." His range of expression seems to be limitless.

Born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, Mike has been involved in music most of his life. He majored in music for a year at Oklahoma City University and then left to join the Cumberland Three where he worked with John Stewart, later of the Kingston Trio.

Mike then worked in New York for a few years as a writer and performer, turning out songs that were recorded by the Limelites, the Brothers Four, Peter, Paul and Mary, Oscar Brown, Jr., the New Christy Minstrels, Harry Belafonte and the Kingston Trio. Two years ago Mike joined The New Christy Minstrels and soon became musical director of the group. During this time he continued to write music, but most of it was not used by the folk group as his writing was becoming more and more contemporary, with less emphasis on the folk tradition. However, Mike did play some of his music for a few members of the Minstrels and from those late-night sessions the idea of The First Edition was born.

With a Huck Finn haircut and a smile that would melt Robert McNamara, Thelma Camacho's soaring voice and charm add something very special to The First Edition. Most artists having classical training would find the transition from opera to rock a very difficult one, but nineteen year old Thelma finds it perfectly logical. "Although every area of music is different, each has the same standard of quality. The idea that only classical music should be admired is an outmoded one. If what you're doing is good, then it's good — whether it's classical, folk, country or rock."

Four years of vocal training led Thelma to roles in San Diego opera and light opera. She played Tuptin in *The King and I*, Tatiyana in *The Forest Prince*, and Jilda in *Rigoletto*.

After a year of drama study at San Diego State College, Thelma returned to music and toured for six months as a member of The Young Americans. She then spent five months with The Kids

Next Door and was with The New Christy Minstrels when she met Mike Settle, Kenny Rogers and Terry Williams and with them formed The First Edition.

Thelma's talents are clearly important to The First Edition, and not just on-stage. Her artistic tonsils vie with her tonsorial artistry in the hearts of her fellow First Editioners — for she is the official barber of the group.

Fair-haired, sleepy-eyed Terry Williams views the world through a happy myoptic haze. "I'm the kind of guy," Terry cheerfully comments, "who in a single day lost on *The Dating Game* and was beaten up at a Love-In."

Although Terry's view of the world may be a bit vague, his musical credentials are impeccable. Growing up in a family where his father played first chair trombone for Tommy Dorsey and his mother was a vocalist with the same famous band, Terry could scarcely have gone into accounting. He took up the guitar at fourteen and even tried a bit of trombone until his father tactfully suggested that his musical talents might lie in another direction.

He began doing studio work on guitar for various recording sessions around town and then got a job with Warner Bros. Records in their national distribution and promotion department.

The business end of music didn't hold Terry for very long and he joined The New Christy Minstrels. During his time with that group he and Mike Settle joined forces and wrote a couple of songs, "Homemade Lies" and "A Certain Shade of Blues" which are now performed by The First Edition.

The beard that looks like it might belong to an Australian Sundowner belongs, in fact, to bass player, Kenny Rogers. Kenny was born in Houston, Texas and while still in highschool he joined a group, The Scholars, that recorded for Dot and Imperial Records.

In 1958 Kenny had his own hit single, a million seller called "Crazy Feeling" on Carlton Records. Later he joined The Bobby Doyle Trio, the well-known jazz group. The trio recorded for Columbia and traveled the country in nightclub and concert appearances, often with The Kirby Stone Four.

After leaving the Bobby Doyle Trio Kenny joined The New Christy Minstrels in 1966 and left after a year to help form The First Edition.

"I'm delighted with the opportunity we have for more freedom. The regimentation of a large group is valuable experience — you gain poise and professional experience — but eventually you have to gather your courage and go out on your own. Since we've all been in a successful group we've had a taste of



we want it in our own way, with our own music. It was great experience, because now we have something to shoot for."

The man who gives The First Edition its beat is Mickey Jones, a drummer whose credits read like a Who's Who of modern music. When he was fifteen Mickey began playing with a young unknown singer in his native Texas. When the singer left Texas to make his debut performance at PJ's in Hollywood, Mickey came with him. Few who saw that debut of Trini Lopez will ever forget it or the drummer who backed him. Trini's first single, "If I Had A Hammer" became a smash hit and Reprise Records gave both Trini and Mickey gold records.

After eight years with Trini and eight trips to Europe, including a command

performance for Princess Grace of Monaco, Mickey joined Johnny Rivers. In his three years with Johnny, they made seven albums for Imperial Records and toured the world with a special trip to Viet Nam with Ann-Margaret. This, Mickey recalls as one of the greatest experiences of his life.

Another world of music opened to Mickey when he joined Bob Dylan. "The transition wasn't hard at all, though. It's never hard working for someone when you dig what he's doing."

When not sitting in on the drums Mickey is an actor.

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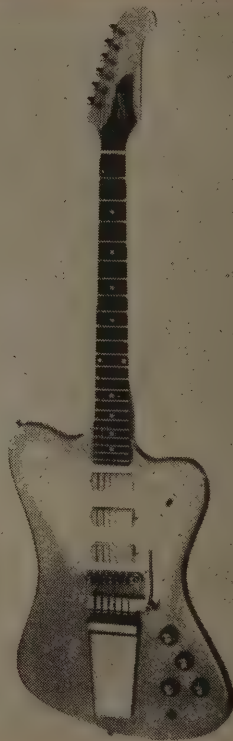
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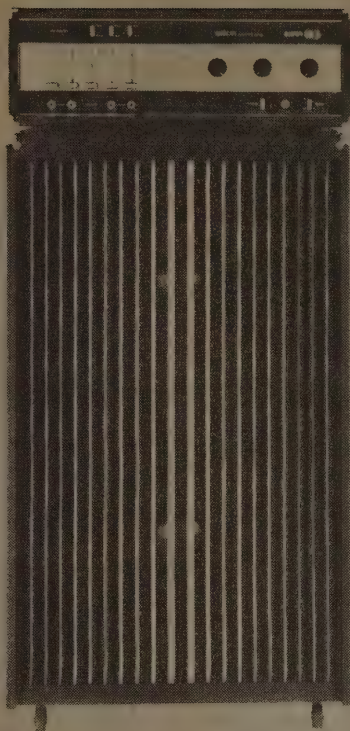
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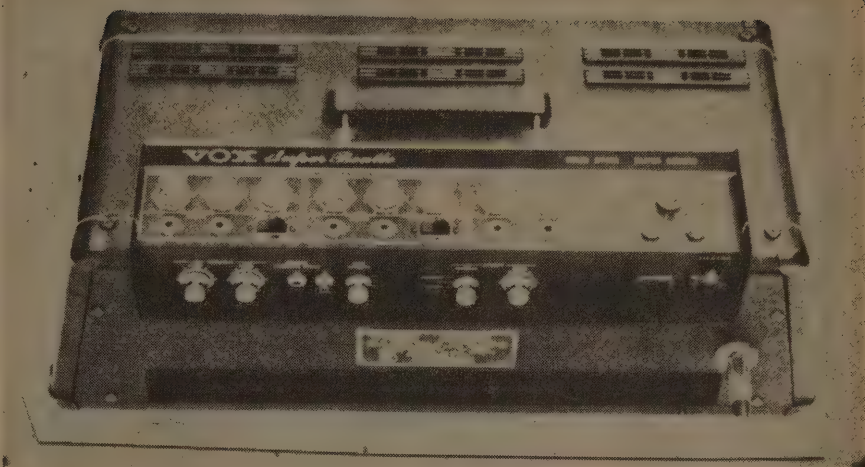
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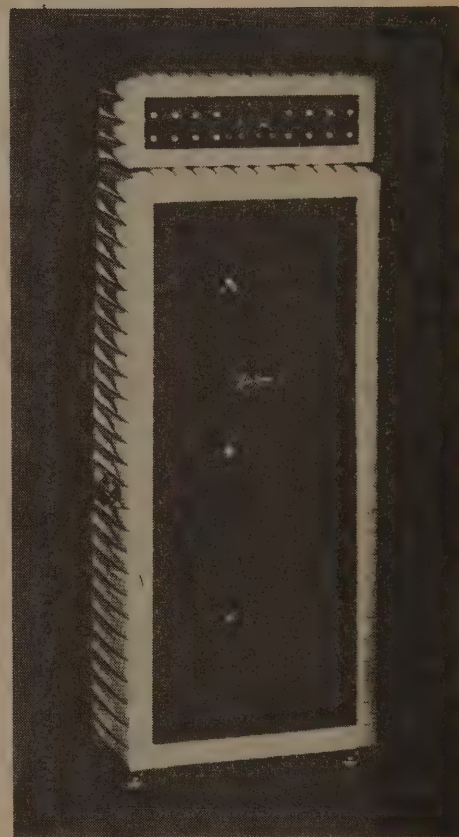
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THE LEFT BANKE

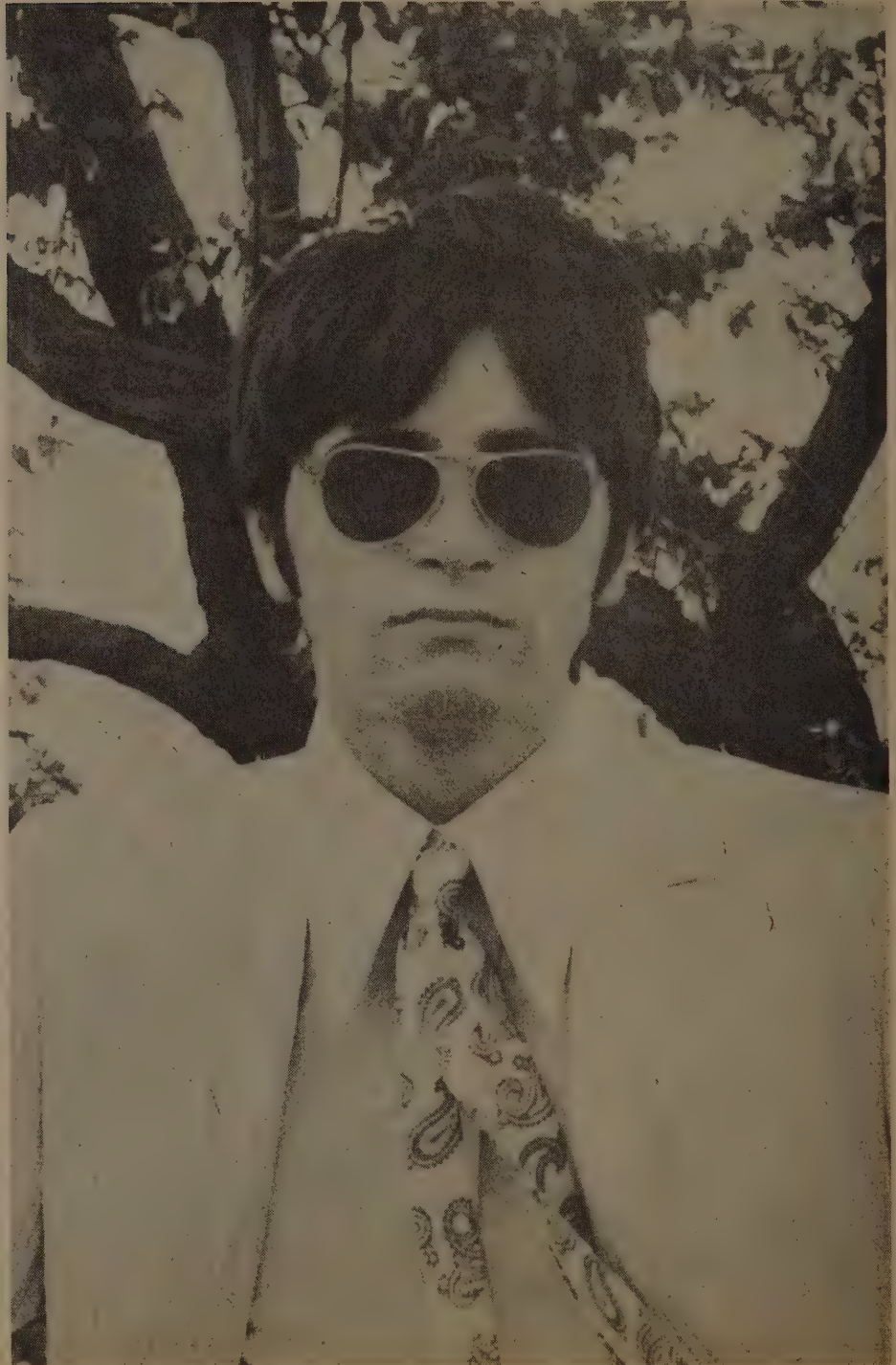
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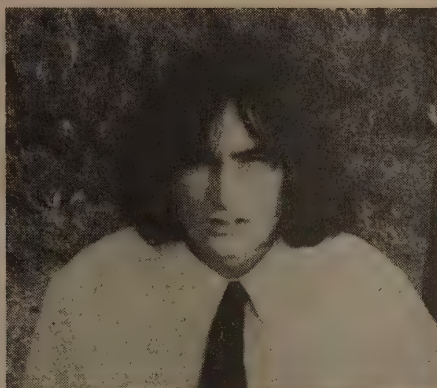
Few things in the recording industry are ever awaited with quite as much anticipation as the second LP album by a rock group that had a unique, trend-setting first album.

The questions invariably arise: Was the group merely a one-time-hit group? Has the style that characterized their first LP changed? Have they matured—developed—as artists?

These questions, and many more in a similar vein, soon are to be applied to the group that distinguished themselves (and incidentally, rock music in general) with their creative efforts almost two years ago. The group was the Left Banke, a group that won the plaudits of New York Philharmonic conductor Leonard Bernstein in his memorable television program on rock music.

At that time, the Left Banke had intrigued many music writers, critics, columnists, and even those serious students of rock by their usage of such "classical" instrumentation as string quartets, harpsichords, and unique vocal harmonies on their "hit" recordings of "Walk Away Renee" and "Pretty Ballerina."





Well, a listening to the Left Banke's latest LP reveals that the group has continued in the unusual tradition they created for themselves – but while so doing, they also have expanded and enlarged the scope of their own style, an indication of the developing artists who are building and growing from a base of their original creativity.

The LP's "cuts" are as varied as one might expect from the group that created one of the more identifiable rock sounds of the past five years. The new LP has songs that offer crisp, sophisticated guitar work, others that effectively utilize a large string orchestra to counterpoint the vocal work of the Left Banke. Additionally, it must be noted that the new Left Banke LP contains some of the best coordinated and assimilated electronic effects to be heard since "Sgt. Pepper" more than a year ago.

One other notable aspect of the new Left Banke LP is that the group performs vocally with an increased control and assurance which serves further to complement the unusual harmonics the

group earlier was noted for in both recorded and live performances.

• As to the material of the new LP, it contains several titles previously issued as singles (such as the big-orchestra arranged "Desiree"). There is also the gutsy lyric, "Bryant Hotel," a haunting "Dark is the Bark," and an up-tempo "In the Morning Light." Likewise, there is a beautiful "Sing Little Bird Sing" and the unusual "Goodbye Holly." All in all, the LP adds up to a rare demonstration of a highly, versatile and creative group.

Contributing greatly to this creativity are, of course, three of the older members of the Left Banke, Tom Finn (who wrote three of the selections on the LP), George Cameron and Steve Martin (who collaborated with Finn on still another song included).

This threesome has been with The Left Banke since its inception and their thinking, writing, not to mention performing, naturally go a long way toward realizing the sound concept that always characterizes The Left Banke. □

Communication

by Dom Petro

Take a good look at the greatest communicators of all time: the Artists. Aside from dates, periods, names, criticisms, etc. which can be found in books, each of the Arts appeals to different sensory areas in us. And when you consider the whole you'll see that it covers our responses within us and includes environment or areas surrounding us.

The Arts generally represent a kind of maximum achievement in perception and sensibility in Man. They somehow take actual experience, (not mere knowledge), and put it into forms to which we can respond. Experience is a wholeness of knowledge beyond an exercise or skill. It involves emotion in action and reaction—complete in itself. You might say it is a very important part of a responsive person's life made still and permanent for us to experience. Since my objective deals with communication in the whole sense, then pointing toward Art is absolutely fundamental. Art may or may not strike you quickly. (I studied painting and saw the Rembrandts at the Metropolitan about seven times before they really became vitally alive and deeply moving to me.) The Arts will grow on you in such a full and natural way that you cannot draw any line indicating before and after—and you'll see and feel so much more.

Here are some (certainly not all) approaches for seeing and sensing more fully, using the Arts as objectives or "reflecting surfaces." Most of my suggestions you already use and know. Some of these are familiar and obvious, but putting them together in a conscious way and making them a deliberate exercise sharpens observations and responses to a much higher level.

Certain buildings, sculptures, paintings, music, books, plays, and dances (Ballet) are considered works of Art. For our purposes here, we are not concerned with the particular works.

Books open up different worlds and put us in different experiences and we see the life within them from points of view that we might not otherwise experience. And when you read a biography, you've lived another life within your own. There are so many books to choose from. There are the noisily advertised ones that give steamy, keyhole views of life. Choose the ones that open the doors and clearly view action and emotion with compassion, zest, and understanding. Try books like *Zorba the Greek*, *Wind, Sand, and Stars*, *Moby Dick*, *The Bible*, *Catch-22*, *Tortilla Flat*, *The King Must Die*, and so many others that reveal and excite our very human responses. When we "live" the book, we are taken away from ourselves long enough to be able to see ourselves in similar situations and this can only help us understand ourselves more.

Actors live out experiences for us in arranged sequences so that they become a complete experience. Most of the time, Life gives us only fragments. Here is a beginning, a middle and an end of a Life. The good play or movie will arouse us into an *emphatic* state where we feel into a situation rather than feeling with as in sympathy. The other Arts are also involved with Empathy.

Music reaches into us immediately, arousing emotion and sometimes nostalgic memories of the strange. Un-

familiar works gradually become a part of our responses until we actually feel the thing we feel more intensely. Note how movies use music to enhance situations. And when we examine the pace of the music, the changing instrumentation, lower and higher registers we increase our hearing awareness. Soft can be sweet or menacing, and loud can be joyous or tragic. At first follow it with ear and mind. Next time, with the same selection, note the difference. Then note the sounds of voices of friends and the neighborhood. More awareness

Dancing is expressive movement. I mentioned Ballet because it is the very essence of controlled movement. Aside from the wonderful and exciting body movements, look for the INSTANT BETWEEN MOVEMENTS and you'll see the very peak of expressive motion frozen in a fraction of time. It expresses all kinds of emotions in a complete sense. You'll realize the vast possibilities of emotion and response without words and with the most basic of all material: the human body.

Painting is a completely different mode. Here's a two dimensional arrangement that can be precision, emotionally exciting, intellectually stimulating, nostalgic or any response you can name. First go along with the artist by following just what he has put there. It's small or large and that in itself does something. The small may be precious like a jewel or intimate as something you own and love and hold in your hand. The large can be power or feeling of great expanse. Think about the range of dark and light, bright and soft color, rough or smooth paint, and you'll get closer to the work. Check quiet stillness, violent movement or whatever comes to your mind and how you will respond to them. Then stand there and look and let it come to you. Let it sink into you. Good pictures are more than representations of something or other. A section of life has been stopped from the flowing stream (and it still flows), arranged and made permanent so that we can quietly see a meaningful piece of what might have gone into oblivion.

And the MEANING of all this is not words although I use them to point where it goes. Not all the Arts use words and even the ones that do make the words do something other than render dictionary meanings or logic. There are other meanings in Art.

Boredom and fatigue are lost awareness, which is involvement. You have more than five senses and they begin coming to life in the Arts. We may look for excitement to relieve boredom here or there and that is reasonable but how about in between? Living is *all the time* and familiarity with the Arts makes the quiet moments and the exciting ones so much more satisfying. There's so much more to living than Work and Play when both can be more fully exciting with sharpened awareness. Art extends all the senses beyond what we normally use without hangovers. Neglect it and we begin to take things for granted, develop limited ways of seeing and feeling. Little by little life becomes routine—even those special occasions.

You are sitting at a banquet table loaded with everything you need and want and like. Eat well. Select and enjoy all the courses to the utmost. □

Power From Canada **PETER TRAYNOR**



For a variety of reasons Americans have begun to take a look at the Canadian market—especially Toronto and some important musicians have emerged from the area talking about a man called Traynor.

Traynor is both a product and a person. Bassist, Peter Traynor began building amplifiers at the age of sixteen convinced that he would never find a commercially built amp suitable for him. Today he is the mass producer of equipment for most Canadian groups. Among his products are: mixer and reverb units for microphones, bass and guitar strings, Leslie systems, custom equipment, band strobe lights; and of course, amplifiers and speakers.

He began playing professionally with a group that included boyhood friend Robbie Robertson. After a number of unsuccessful groups, the duo split. Robertson went with rockabilly Ronnie Hawkins while Peter went

off to join a hopeful-but-unsuccessful group. Hardly disillusioned he joined a Las Vegas show unit, toured the States, and worked on amps in lonely hotel rooms after the evening's show.

Five years ago he returned to Toronto working at a downtown bar while repairing amps at a local music shop, Long and McQuade; and appeared on CBD-TV's Music Hop.

Enthusiastic local musicians flocked to his doorstep for several reasons: Peter would discuss the problems of each individual's amp, repair it immediately and tell the musician how to avoid the mishap in the future.

Peter suggests that the most helpful thing in his work has been practical knowledge of the units themselves.

"Not so much the electronics but knowing each individual unit and what goes wrong with it each time. This way I find nine out of ten

times I can pick out a fault by talking to the customer."

This personalized service is probably the foundation for his initial success. Traynor's first commercially produced amp was released on a rental basis and from there the demand grew—today his 65 man staff acts as one in a work of love.

Most musicians are not interested in price when looking for sound equipment, they sign their name to just about anything if they are convinced that's what they need. Generally bassists are looking for the deepest, loudest, bassiest sound while guitarists want something that will reach the wildest extremes of frequencies—from the highest highs to the lowest lows.

"Most important of all," stresses Peter, "it must sound the way he wants it to sound. It's a personal thing. You'll notice that most of the big name musicians have an individual, recognizable sound because they have not compromised."

Selection of an amplifier is a big step for new musicians. Keep the following factors in mind when looking: It must have a convenient size and be durable. Faithful reproduction is as important as 'clean sound'.

The factory's noon-time whistle blew as we started downstairs toward the experimental rooms. Several workers left their positions on the assembly-line to eat elsewhere. However the majority preferred to eat on-the-spot, stopping between bites to add another part.

"The general rules of the game," said Peter, after he stopped to inspect several finished cabinets, "are that bass and lead guitar speakers be different, simply because the required speaker system for a bass is different from the lead.

"Lead guitar speakers are smaller (stock size is 8" but 12" are common) to handle the highs easier.

"The bass has a larger cone (15" is popular) and usually heavier built. The cone material of the speaker (and thickness) generally determines the type of sound reproduced."

"Of course some guitarists want a softer sound," he laughed as he picked up his own bass and plugged it into one of his giant eight-10" Kustom speaker and amp systems; "and there are bassists with a hard sound."

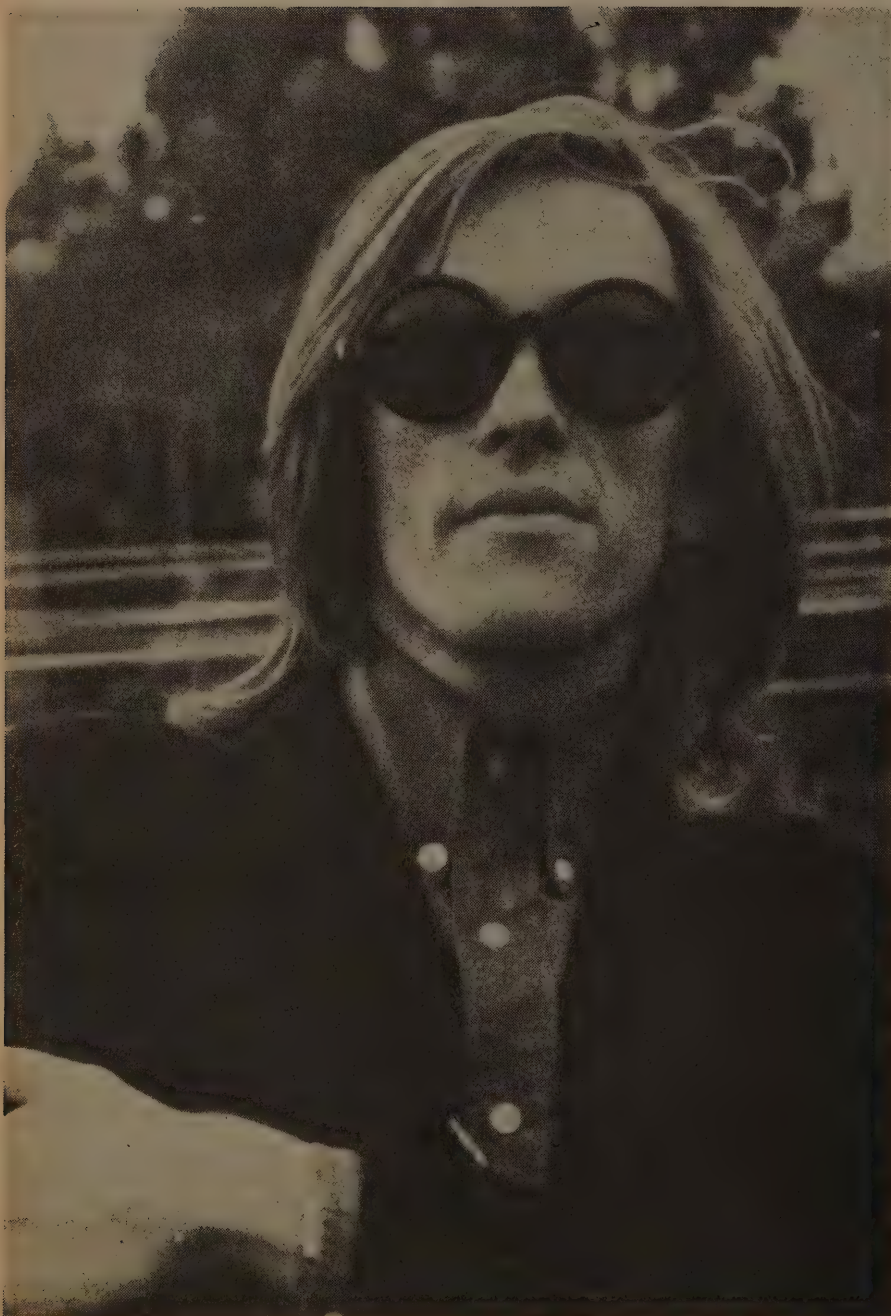
Subconsciously Peter is still a bass player. The throbbing heart-beat of the bass has been his motivation. His relentless determination checks out each unit for distortion under very severe conditions. As he started to play his instrument at almost full volume my photographer jumped out of the room clapping his hands over his ears. I almost collided with him in leaving.

Looking back, I saw Peter smiling. He hardly noticed that we had left. Instead he had plugged a Leslie system into the amplifier and waves and waves of bass notes flowed from the room.

He looked more like an eager, happy-go-lucky musician than the businessman he has become. □ Larry Leblanc

THE SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET

PLUS TWO



Doug Sham is what you might call one of a new breed of "second generation" San Francisco musicians. That is that Doug, unlike many top groups and artists who grew up playing around the Bay area, was a recent migrant from Texas.

He came to San Francisco less than two years ago because he realized that his extraordinary musical talents and the freedom he would enjoy there would make for a great combination.

The change in atmosphere — from small, conservative towns in Texas to the more permissive and constructive California environment — has brought to Doug the recognition as one of the top new musicians and creative forces behind the San Francisco scene.

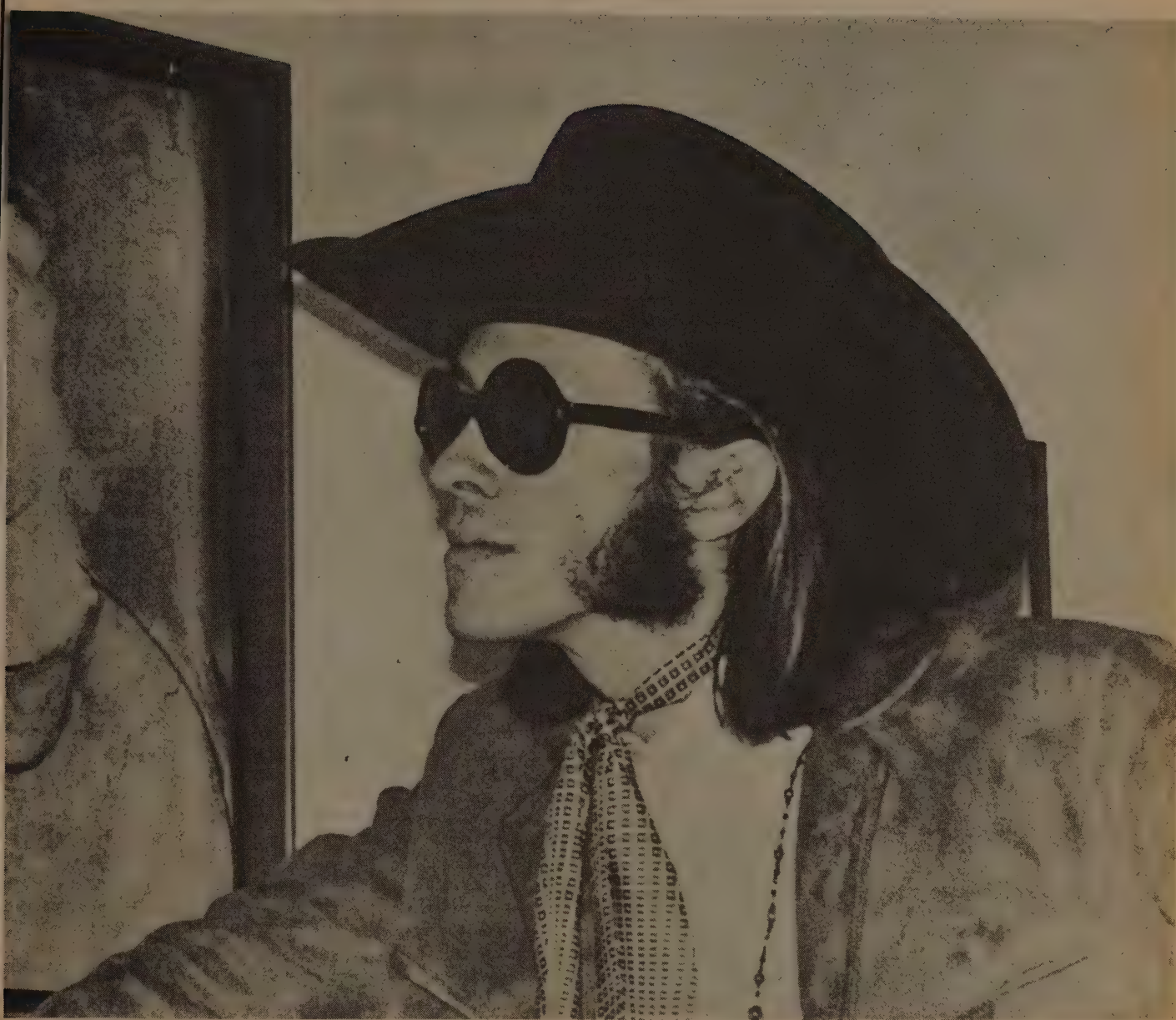
You might recall Doug from his Texas days. His group was the Sir Douglas Quintet and they had a huge hit — "She's About a Mover." It was a good song for its time, one that showed promise of what was to come from the now 26-year-old.

Today in San Francisco, Doug is still calling his group the Sir Douglas Quintet but has lengthened the title to the "Sir Douglas Quintet Plus Two = Honky Blues."

It's a good name. "Honky blues is our form of San Francisco soul music, with the lyrics geared for more far-out ears than for the regular R&B market, while at the same time sticking to our old, Texas-style arrangements," Doug explains. "The lyrics are into what's happening today."

Music is a total involvement thing with Doug, occupying almost 100 percent of his time. If he's not working with his own group, you can probably find him either writing songs or producing an act for Smash or any of the other Mercury Record Corp. labels.

"This is just the best place in the



world for music — and everything else,” Doug maintains. “It’s the least paranoid place you can be.”

Commanding just as much respect on the Coast as Doug are his recording musicians — Wayne Talbert, piano; George Rains, drums; Whitney Freeman, bass; Martin Fierro, alto sax; Frank Morin, tenor; Bill Atwood, trumpet; Mel Barton, baritone and Terry Henry, trumpet. Doug plays guitar and is the group’s vocalist. “I have the heaviest musicians that can be found almost anywhere in the world,” he proudly boasts, and many people agree. “We’re really into a groove,” says drummer Rains. “You can feel it. Doug’s

tunes are very free and exciting to play. They get you turned on without the benefit of special effects or gimmicks.”

Both George and Doug credit much of the Sir Douglas Quintet’s outstanding musical ability to the members’ upbringing in Texas (they’re all from that state with the exception of Freeman). In the Southwest they were exposed to virtually every form of music, especially country and the blues. “And, too,” claims Doug, “none of them has been playing for less than five years.”

Doug, a native of San Antonio, got started in the music business at an early age. When he was six years old he picked up on the steel guitar and

by the time he was nine he was a featured performer on the Louisiana Hayride country show.

He moved on to rock in 1956 “when some of the younger people were getting away from country music,” and that’s where he’s been ever since. He moved briefly from Texas in 1961, spending a short time in Chicago, but returned again before heading for the West Coast.

Since arriving in San Francisco, Doug has rarely played live, preferring to spend the majority of his time perfecting recording techniques. With his first Smash LP out of the way now, though, he intends to get back on the personal appearance track. □



new stars on the horizon

SHADOW MANN

Born and raised in a New York Ghetto, an only child, "Shadow Mann" started writing songs and painting as an escape from loneliness. As an art student at the High School Of Music And Art, he would cut regular classes to sneak up to the Music Department for lessons he couldn't afford privately.

Living with his mother, grandmother and his aunt, and being the only man in the house, he became independent at an early age, playing with local bands on weekends for

lunch money.

In 1964, after having produced and written one of the biggest hits of the year, "Meet Me At Midnight Mary" by Joey Powers, "Shadow" was discouraged and disappointed with the American Music Market and bought a one-way ticket to London where things were happening.

A few short months before that "Shadow", Paul Simon and Jim McGuinn were making the rounds of the Greenwich Village coffee houses when the British invaded the pop charts leaving little room for

American artists.

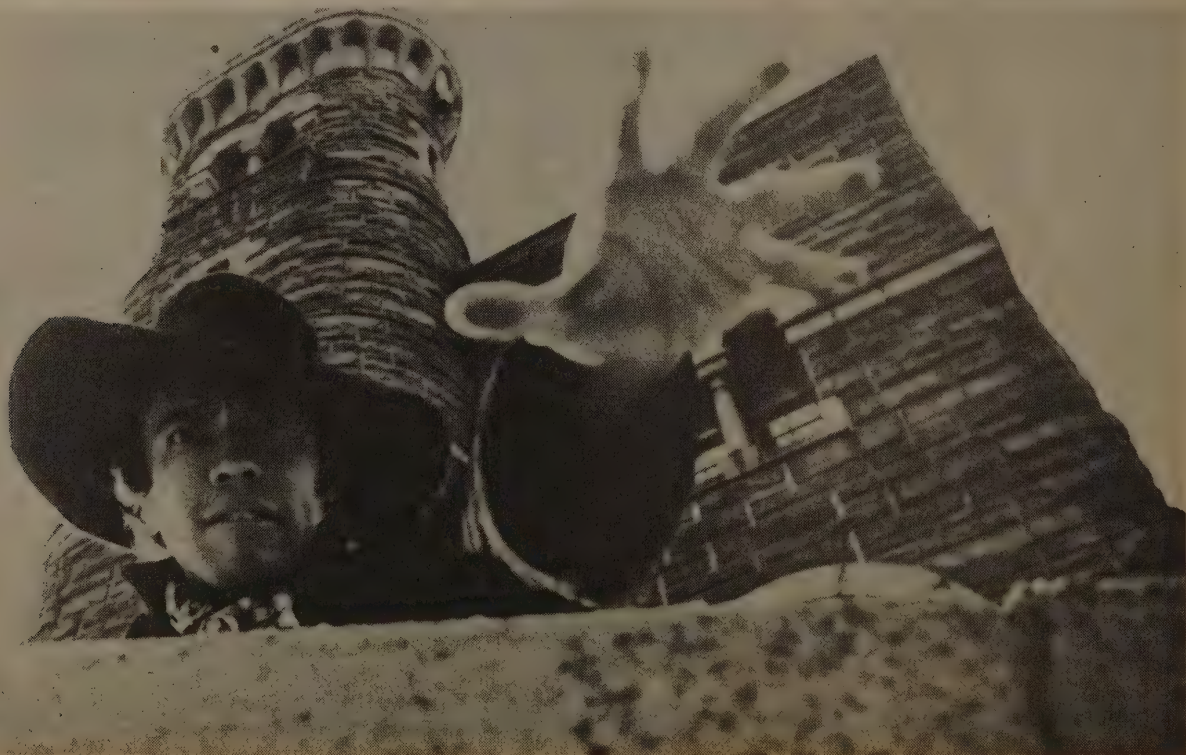
The "Bug" first hit McGuinn who got tired of playing backup guitar for the Chad Mitchell Trio, and Bobby Darin. He packed up and split for the West Coast to form a group combining rock music and folk, later to be known as the Byrds.

Simon, equally discouraged with the New York Scene took off for Europe to "goof-off" for a while. By the time "Shadow" was on his way to Europe, Simon was on his way back with a record climbing up the American charts "Sounds of Silence."

While in London "Shadow" spent his time mostly observing the English music scene, traveling with the Beatles, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, hanging out with the Moody Blues, the Rolling Stones, Eric Burdon and the Animals, he tried to "get into their heads" and started writing songs for the English market. The Tremolos recorded some of his songs as did the Animals, the Fortunes and the Rockin' Berries.

With moderate success and a lot of publicity "Shadow" returned to the States to head a music publishing company, only to find out through the company's doctors that he had two years to live. He underwent open-heart-surgery, and was back in action two weeks later as good as new. Except that he decided he didn't want to be an executive. So he went back to writing.

Some of the biggest acts today have recorded his songs including Jose Feliciano, Aretha Franklin, Steve Cropper, Barry Goldberg, Miriam Makeba, Tiny Tim, Charles Musselwhite and the Magic Lanterns. But "Shadow" has been in the shadows much too long, and with the release of his new album on Tomorrows', Productions records (a new label created for him) "Shadow" Mann breaks out. He writes everything he records and will only do what he considers valid. His songs in the first album may enlighten you, perhaps shock you, but definitely impress you. □





THE 50-FOOT HOSE

In a business where the unusual is a commonplace, the 50-Foot Hose are notable because of the truly bizarre kind of music they produce as a group. The group is Limelight's latest addition to its growing catalogue of "new concept music." The group represents one of the more successful mergers in music today -- the merger between "progressive" underground rock and electronic music. The result -- quite simply is the unique and intriguing sound of the 50-Foot Hose.

The group -- based in the San Francisco area -- has six members: Cork Marcheski, Nancy and David Blossom, Larry Evans, Kim Kimey, and their most recent addition, Robert Goldbeck.

Instrumentally, the group breaks down as follows: Vocals are handled by Nancy Blossom and Larry

Evans; Cork Marcheski handles electronic gear exclusively, while David Blossom is guitarist (who also provides certain electrical effects); Robert Goldbeck plays electric 8-string bass; and Kim Kimey is drummer for the group. Nancy also delves into certain percussion instruments, and Goldbeck also plays occasional guitar in the group's performances.

The group -- as now constituted -- has been performing together for about six months. Actually, David, Nancy and Cork formed the nucleus of the organization over a year ago, and during the period since they initially met, they have been devising the musical format -- unusual as it is -- the "philosophy" of their music.

David and Cork met while playing "a gig," and in a discussion of music that followed between the two, both realized they had a mutual interest in electronic musical effects and the progressive stream

of music. The result was the birth of the 50-Foot Hose.

As their ideas formulated and new instruments were acquired, ("We just went out one day," David says "and bought a theremin and some audio generators,") their new musical approach was growing more defined. "We knew the kind of thing we wanted to do," they agree today, "but we weren't certain where to present the music."

Club dates did not seem to be the solution, the members of the group say. "Usually, clubs weren't ready for the kind of thing we were doing. You'd play two sets and then the manager would come around with a funny kind of expression and say -- rather hesitantly -- Ah...uh...do you think you could do something...ah...a little more...well uh..."

Another major problem the group had initially -- in addition to the confusion engendered among club

operators -- was finding a suitable drummer.

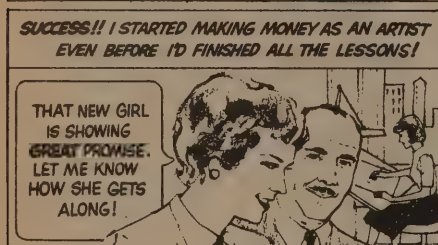
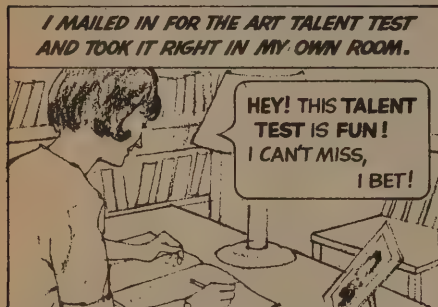
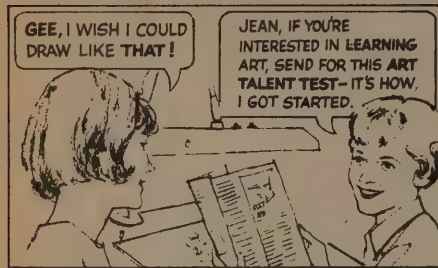
"Working with highly unusual tempo made for many problems," the group says. "It was difficult to find a drummer that could be loose enough -- free enough to approach -- to handle the material we do."

The group has had remarkable acceptance among younger listeners the times they've played in "freer -- more flexible environments." They report that at a recent "Be-In" the crowd was particularly receptive to their electronic effects.

Summarizing their approach, the group says that, "We are constantly searching for new sounds -- thus we continually develop new equipment toward that end."

Their first LP "Cauldron" will -- no doubt -- expose this completely unique listening experience to an even larger audience. □

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By Barry Melton of
Country Joe & The Fish

There's a label called the Origin Jazz Library. One album in the collection is called "The Great Jugbands." It's loaded with pure beautiful music. It's mainly old, old 78 r.p.m. records put into an LP collection. Those old jug-band cuts are really the very first American folk bands ever recorded. Those bands preceded jazz. It's fascinating, for me, to hear that music. It's where everything that's happening now actually began. They are very valuable recordings if you want to know about the origin of American bands.

The whole line of music on Origin Jazz Library includes early jazz bands too and you can hear the gradual changes the musicians went through. Those old guys showed up later in Louis Armstrong bands. I love that whole collection of albums.

The first Paul Butterfield Blues Band album on Elektra is very important to me. I place it so high because it's the first time a bunch of white kids played real good folk-blues band music. It showed everybody that white kids can play real blues if they try and opened the door to that. Plus it's one of the greatest Chicago blues records ever made.

Another selection of important records is by the Almanac Singers and Woodie Guthrie. I think of all of their albums because they represent the best of a particular scene. Like to me, Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane albums represent the life style that grew out of the new left.

The only individual album I can think of is the first Tiny Tim album. It captures a mood and a spirit very well. Even though it's a put on, it's well done.

I almost forgot the most beautiful rock album ever made - "Rubber Soul" by the Beatles. Besides the sheer beauty of the music, that album showed all four musicians really working toward a common goal. Most rock bands only have one or two guys that are doing anything real important. The Beatles are a total group and you can feel and love each one. To me, "Rubber Soul" is four really groovy people, plus their friend George Martin, doing their thing together. ☐

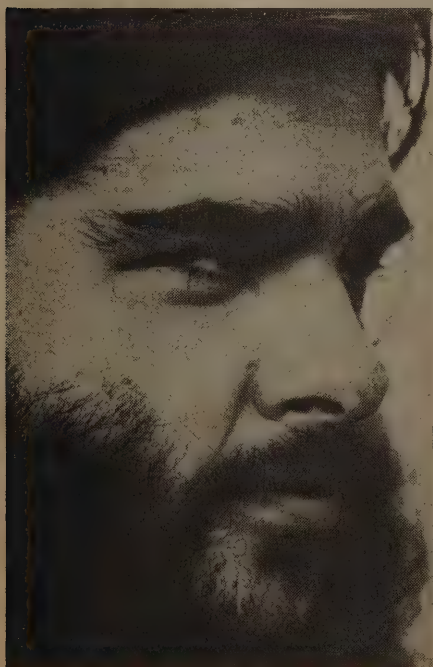




by guest columnist
Bob Hite of Canned Heat

When I was first asked to do this column on Blues, I hesitated because of Canned Heat's hectic schedule. The Blues is something I hold very close to me personally, because for one thing it's supporting me and my family.

The past few years have seen a great up-surge in the Blues. My personal belief is that the reason behind this is the exposure that the Blues has gotten on radio has tripled this past year.



This column is dedicated to Blues Power. I will try and cover many areas of the Blues, rhythm and blues, including bios and blues research, new releases, interviews, etc.

On the 15th of Feb. an album was released that many people have waited for for a long time. It's title: "Love Can Be Found Anywhere, Even In a Guitar." The artist is Mister Albert Collins, one of Texas' finest guitar players. Albert's album is composed mostly of instrumentals, in the finest Texas shuffle blues tradition, often copied, very seldom duplicated. Albert King once said in an interview, "Albert Collins is my favorite guitar player." Enough said.

Albert's album is only one of the finest blues releases from the Liberty Records stable (World-Pacific, Imperial, Pacific Jazz, Blue Note). Due to come out shortly are George Smith's tribute to Little Walter (one of the finest harp sounds since Little Walter's now legendary Chicago Chess sound.) On World Pacific, Shakey Jake's "Further on Up the Road" another fine example of Chicago Blues.

Yazzoo Records (the finest in the current U.S. blues reissue program) has three new releases; Bo Carter's Greatest Hits 1930-1940, The Georgia Blues 1927-1933; East Coast Blues 1926-1935-early Big Bill Broonzy. This makes the total output of the young company fourteen great Country Blues albums, some of the finest and greatest blues recordings of the '20's & '30's.

From Pete Welding's Testament label comes three great new releases; the Johnny Shines Band with Otis Spann and Big Walter Horton; J.B. Hutto and the Hawkes; Floyd Jones-Eddie Taylor. The three lps contain some excellent sounds of Chicago Blues.

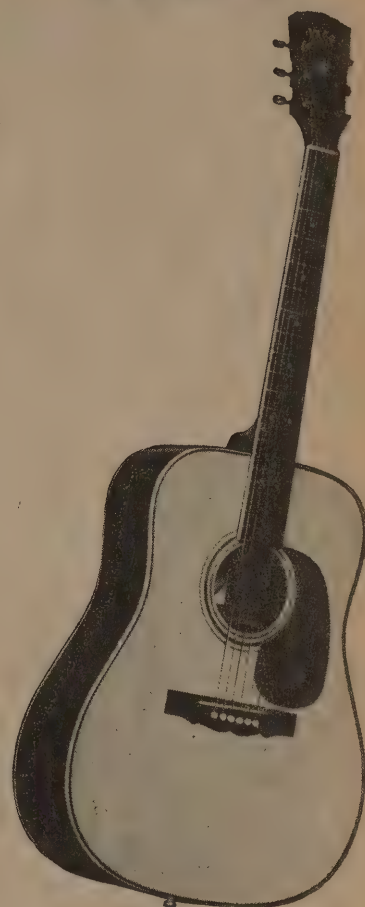
Presently we are writing and recording our new album, tentatively titled "Hallelujah!". Our schedule has been very hectic and to find time in between jobs to record is quite a job. In March we will be in Australia; June will see us back in England. So all in all, I guess you could say our time is not our own.

This column is shorter than I wanted it, due to the fact that this was the one I kept putting off 'til tomorrow. I promise that will not happen in the future—at times I will enlist the help of Henry and Allen's writing talents, and who knows—maybe even Larry and Fito.

If ten people read this column and check out any of the above new releases and gets turned on, my job will be done.

RMS is truth. □

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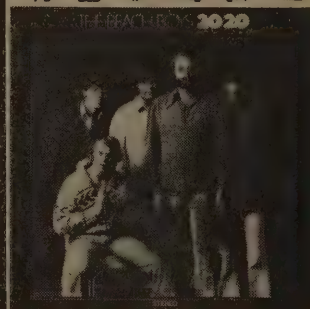
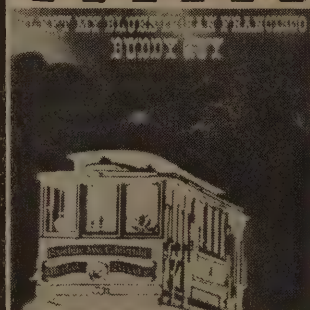
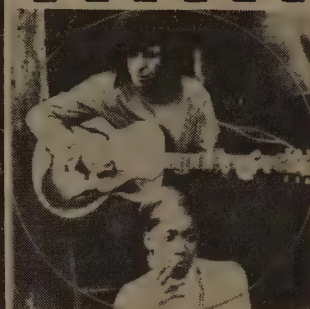
BAYOU COUNTRY is the second album by Creedence Clearwater Revival and they are undoubtedly the most joyful, exciting rock and roll band since Little Richard. Their music is simple and exquisite, cutting into your heart, head and belly all at once. Deep down, John Fogerty wants to be a Mississippi riverboat captain, a funky Mark Twain. He seems to be hopelessly under the spell of Southern romanticism and he makes visions of Huck Finn and Uncle Remus dance in our heads. Fogerty is a super-warm human being and it shows in his music - a little lazy, so the funk rolls more than rocks, and the excitement builds into stomping happy job rather than violence. I'm hooked on the whole album, but one song in particular I must play at least once a day. It's called "Keep On Chooglin'" and will go down in rock history as one of the best recorded performances of a rock and roll song. Its simplicity is staggering. They get into one chord through the whole song and jam the hell out of it. The fire in this number recalls only one other similar experience - the exciting instrumental break on "Changes" on the first Moby Grape album. Stu Cooke, Creedence bassist, cooks on simple bass patterns like nobody. He beats on a handful of notes with an unexpected walking figure, adding to the thrilling tension as lead and rhythm guitars jam into a climax. Then there's "Bootleg," and "Born On The Bayou" and "Proud Mary." Doug Clifford on drums has the perfect feel for Creedence music and he rolls right along with the bass. This album is an absolute must. If you don't own it already, you're missing out on America's best rock and roll band. (Fantasy - S8387)

BUNKY & JAKE L.A.M.F. is another gassy album. This one takes on the fun of a good time jam. Although the quality of production falls short (probably a bad sound mix) of most small band albums, an unpretentious charm and boisterous energy permeates every tune. Jake is Al Jacobs, formerly of the Magicians, actually a too-clear band for Jake's unique accumulation of influences. Jake has used this album as a steam valve, opening the stops all the way, letting all the music he loves tumble into everyone around him and everybody falls in with a big smile. Jake is steeped in "classical subway acapella," mainly Coasters vocal group sound, and Tim Hardin, Greenwich Village folk blues. It flows from Jake and Bunky (a funky Dionne Warwick) so naturally that it cuts into us with touching immediacy. I recommend this album to one and all. (Mercury SR 61199)

LEFT MY BLUES IN SAN FRANCISCO is Buddy Guy's best album to date. I don't know how you Buddy Guy fans feel, but I can't stand the latin rhythm thing on Buddy's several other albums. Whether it's Buddy's choice or a producer's guiding influence, that latin rhythm definitely holds Buddy down. This album is full of Buddy's very own blues and he makes his guitar do things that you've never heard before, like on "Leave My Girl Alone" (an old single) with soft organ accompaniment, his guitar chords ring and throb like an organ. Also, you won't forget his shouting, impassioned vocal on this number. Two sore spots flirt with that latin rhythm. (Chess LPS 1527)

20/20 is the best Beach Boys album since "Pet Sounds." It includes "Do It Again" and "Bluebirds Over The Mountain" along with an interesting version of "Cotton Fields" (reminiscent of "Sloop John B.") On a few cuts, the boys use George Harrison's "Revolution" sounding guitar like on "All I Want To Do," a big band rock tune and the funkiest the boys have ever recorded. The album has great variety on it, from hard beat stuff to the gentle lush, romantic Bruce Johnston instrumental "The Nearest Far Away Place." Three songs on this album have the most complex vocal harmonies I've ever heard the Beach Boys do - "Time To Get Along," Brian Wilson's best love song, "Our Prayer," an acapella choir thing without words, and the highly imaginative mini-rock symphony "Cabin Essence" with complex orchestral arrangements built around complex vocal arrangements. The latter is an incredible, dynamic piece of music without the cleverness of "Good Vibrations." After the last couple of baffling Beach Boys albums, this one is over all excellent and straight ahead. (Capitol SKAO 133)

HOWLIN' WOLF'S NEW ALBUM is an interesting experiment. Chess has taken Wolf and attempted to blend him with a modern electric band. The band is much too heavy on distortion and wah-wah but it's a good band and despite Wolf's supposed disgust with this experiment, some exciting things happen. It's more interesting than the **ELECTRIC MUD** experiment because Wolf's hard voice fits the band better, especially that howling moan that seems suspended between the violent crossfire of the band. They do all of Wolf's old songs and the most successful are "Spoonful," "Tail Dragger," "Red Rooster" and "Moanin' At Midnight." There's no Wolf guitar, which is sort of a drag. Chess should be commended for going out on a limb like this, but it would be more of a gas if Wolf's own blues could hit the top 40. (Cadet Concept LPS - 319) □



This is Howlin' Wolf's new album.
He doesn't like it.
He didn't like his electric guitar at first either.

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(As recorded by the Fireballs/Atco)
LYNN EASTON

Oh long green now
Yeah the root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Oh the root of evil.

I go to work, I save my pay
Quitting time comes yeah, then home I run
Back to that broad she's awaiting for me
She saves that stuff yeah they call long green
Oh the root of evil
I said, I said, I said, long green now
Oh the root of evil.

Come on give me some long green now
Yes the root of evil
I said, I said, I said o
I said, I said, I said long green now
Oh the root of evil
Now they say the best things in life are
free
Oh don't try no you can't convince me

That is the sweat that's pouring from me
for long green now

Oh the root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Yeah the root of evil
Long green now
The root of evil
I said, I said, I said long green now
Yeah the root of evil.

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•IT'S YOUR THING
(As recorded by the Isley Brothers/
T Neck)
R. ISLEY
O. ISLEY
R. ISLEY

It's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to.
It's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to.

If you want me to love you
Maybe I will
Believe me woman it ain't no big deal
Oh you need love just as bad as I do
Can't see no difference
Who you give you thing to
Oh it's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to
It's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to
It's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to
It's your thing
Do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to

I'm not tryin' to run your life
I know you wanna do what's right
Oh give your love girl
To whom ever you choose
How can you lose when you start with
you now
It's your thing do what you wanna do
I can't tell you who to sock it to
It's your thing do what you wanna do
Don't let me tell you who to sock it to
Let me hear you say it's my thing
I do what I wanna do.

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| 6. See You In September | 18. Kicks |
| 7. Paint It, Black | 19. Michelle |
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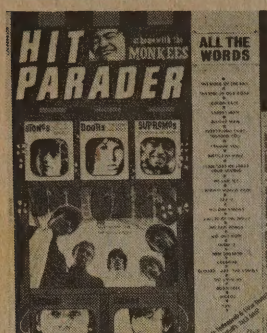
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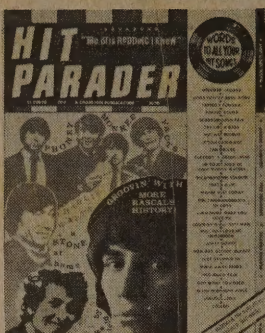
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Monkees At Home

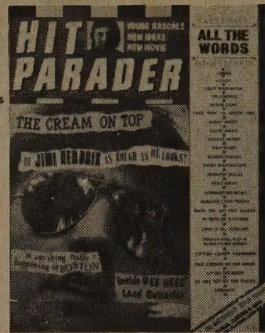
"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

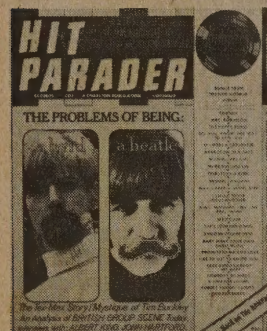
"Valeri"
"Topiaca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Wait"
"Since You've Been Gone"



JULY, 1968

The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gees' lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

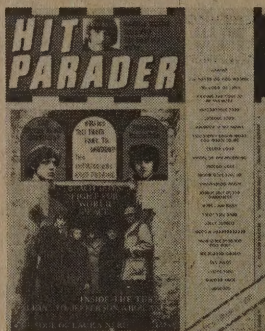
"Money"
"Lady Madonna"
"Sweet Inspiration"
"Jumbo"
"Jennifer Eccles"
"Forever Came Today"
"Summertime Blues"



SEPTEMBER, 1968

Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan's new album

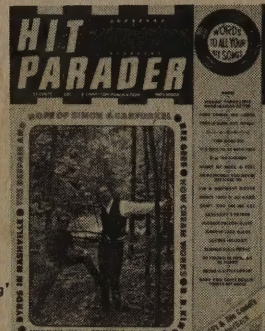
Monkee Album songs
"Mrs. Robinson"
"If I Were A Carpenter"
"Like To Get To Know You"
"Wear It On Our Face"
"The Happy Song"
"Friends"



OCTOBER, 1968

Beatles and George
Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan . Hollies
Beach Boys
Impressions
Turtles . Laura Nyro

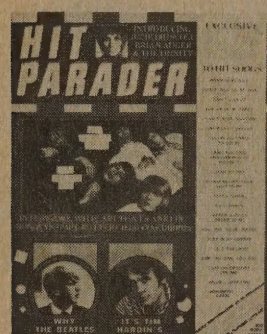
"The Look Of Love"
"MacArthur Park"
"Yesterday Love"
"Choo Choo Train"
"Master Jack"
"I Love You"
"Angel Of The Morning"



NOVEMBER, 1968

Simon & Garfunkel Special
B.B. King . The Byrds
Cream Interview
The Bee Gees
Discovering Rock
Elvis Meets Tom Jones
Janis Joplin . Alan Price

"Jumpin' Jack Flash"
"Stoned Soul Picnic"
"Folsom Prison Blues"
"Amen"
"I'm A Midnight Mover"
"Here Comes The Judge"
"Divorce"



DECEMBER, 1968

How Stones Record
Story of Country Rock
Nilsson . Tim Hardin
Interviews with: Aretha
Franklin
Donovan . Yardbirds
Paul Butterfield

"Born To Be Wild"
"People Got To Be Free"
"Light My Fire"
"Stay In My Corner"
"On"

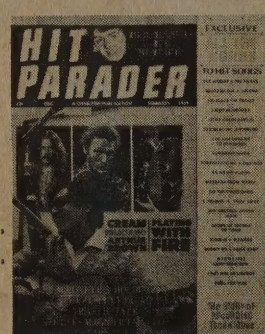
"1,2,3 Red Light"
"Hello, I Love You"
"Give A Damn"



JANUARY, 1969

The Ladies of Pop
Blues Business
Bob Dylans' Band
Beatles Meet Press
Traffic . Donovan
Little Richard
Noel Redding

"Piece of my Heart"
"Street Fighting Man"
"Harper Valley P.T.A."
"Revolution"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"Hey Jude"
"Fool On The Hill"



FEBRUARY, 1969

Paul McCartney Adventure
The Story of Recording
Jeff Beck Group
Cream's Double Album
Big Brother
Jose Feliciano
Staple Singers

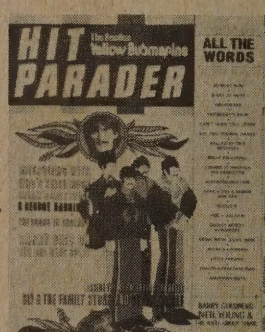
"The Weight"
"White Room"
"Lolena"
"I Met Her In Church"
"Little Green Apples"
"Fool For You"
"Destination Anywhere"



MARCH, 1969

Incredible Clapton
Interview Reveals
Why Cream Split
Steppenwolf
John Sebastian
Blood, Sweat & Tears
McCartney Interview

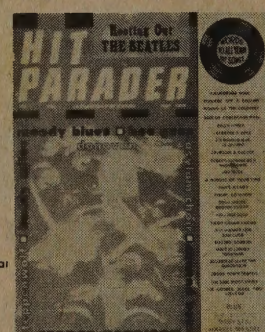
"Those Were The Days"
"Far Once In My Life"
"Love Child"
"Who's Making Love"
"Chewy, Chewy"
"Magic Carpet Ride"



APRIL, 1969

Yellow Submarine
Who's Keith Moon
Cream's Jack Bruce
George Harrison
Spirit . Doors
Sly & Family Stone
Association . Traffic

"Sunday Sun"
"A Ray Of Hope"
"Yesterday's Rain"
"Cloud Nine"
"Son Of A Preacher Man"
"Wichita Lineman"
"Right Relations"



MAY, 1969

Beatle Special
Buddy Miles
Moody Blues
Canned Heat
Willie Dixon
Donovan
Bee Gees

"California Soul"
"Hooked On A Feeling"
"Going Up The Country"
"I Started A Joke"
"Crimson & Clover"
"Sweet Cream Ladies"
"Cross Town Traffic"

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The Beatles
Johnny Mathis
Ventures
Peter, Paul and Mary
Righteous Brothers
The Yellow Balloon
Five Americans
Moby Grape
The Love Generation
Lettermen
Tony Bennett
Englebert Humperdink
Dave Clark Five

Aretha Franklin
Temptations
Bill Cosby
The Monkees
The Yardbirds
Rolling Stones
Herman's Hermits
Four Tops
Paul Revere
The Bee Gees
Dionne Warwick
Lovin' Spoonful
Petula Clark
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